John Crockford, 346 Strand

THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER and Pictorial Times

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TO OUR READERS.

WITH TO-DAY'S NUMBER commences Vol. XXXIII. of the

LADY'S NEWSPAPER

AND PICTORIAL TIMES.

We have closed the volume a few weeks earlier than usual, to enable us to introduce several improvements in the typographical and other mechanical features of the Paper; and that we may remodel the character, and greatly increase the quantity, of its contents.

At the urgent request of numerous subscribers, our Journal will be rendered more completely *a Lady's Newspaper* than hitherto, and will deal less with political and other public events and general news, which, since the rapid progress made by cheap journalism, are so fully given in the newspapers especially devoted to them as to have become unnecessary in a class paper like our own.

Among the additions to be made to the attractions of THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER will be:—

1. A translation (with illustrations) of "Ursule Mirouet," a tale by Balzac, which has never before been published in England. (To be continued weekly.)

2. Papers on Domestic Economy, Pastimes for Ladies, Rural Affairs, the Garden, &c. &c.

3. Portraits, with biographies, of distinguished authors and authoresses, ladies of rank and fashion, leading public men, &c.

4. Fuller Court and Fashions news.

5. Letters on Dress, Fashions, and Society from Correspondents in Paris, Rome, Florence, Berlin, and Vienna.

6. Fuller attention will be given to the Work Table department, and Patterns for Dresses, Mantles, &c., will be frequently introduced. We shall give occasionally a Supplementary Sheet, containing either—

A Paris Fashion Plate (coloured),
A Sheet of *Lingerie*,
A large Sheet of Patterns for Embroidery, Crochet, Tatting, Shapes and Patterns for Dresses and Mantles; or,
A Sheet of Berlin Work (in every case to be accompanied by full descriptions and directions for working).

7. Paper Flower Making weekly, with diagrams and directions.

8. A Naturalist column, with hints for, and answers to questions on, the Management and Treatment of Domestic Pets of all kinds.

9. A weekly Feuilleton, treating of current events in Literature, Art, the Drama, Science, &c.

10. Several serial articles on subjects of interest and value to ladies. (To be continued weekly.)

11. A weekly Summary of the Leading Public Events of the Day, with Commentaries.

12. Confidences. Under this department Subscribers will find an "Open Council," in which small events may be discussed, and strange facts may be communicated.

13. Church News, Births, Marriages, and Deaths, &c.

The Offices of THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER AND PICTORIAL TIMES will in future be at 346, Strand, London, W.C., to which address all communications and advertisements should be sent.

An Index to Volume 32 is now ready, and a copy may be had from the Office in return for One Postage Stamp.

Back Numbers of THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER may be had by order of any bookseller, or direct from the Office, 346, Strand, W.C.

VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.

AS we purpose to give in successive numbers of THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER a series of portraits of the most distinguished members of the British aristocracy, we feel that we cannot do better, by way of a commencement, than give the foremost rank in such a series to the wife of our noble and popular Premier—the lady who presides with such peculiar grace and dignity over the *réunions* of the Whig aristocracy who assemble in the *salons* of Cambridge House.

Her Ladyship, according to the Peerage, is the elder of the two daughters of Sir Peniston Lamb, Bart., of Brocket Hall, Herts, who was raised to the honours of the Irish Peerage in 1770, and was afterwards enrolled, in 1815, among the Peers of the United Kingdom as Lord Melbourne of Melbourne, county Derby. She was born, we observe on referring to the tell-tale pages of "Lodge," on the 21st day of April, 1787, so that her Ladyship is now in her 76th year, being just two years and a-half younger than her gay and ever-juvenile lord, who entered this world of trouble and sorrow on the 20th of October, 1784. Her mother was Miss Elizabeth Milbanke, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., of Halnaby, county York, and sister of the Sir Ralph Milbanke, who, by his marriage with the Hon. Judith Noel, daughter of Viscount Wentworth, became the father of an only child, Anna Isabella, the same lady who became the ill-starred wife, and lately died the widow, of George Gordon Byron, poet and peer! Lady Palmerston, therefore, is first cousin to the late Lady Noel-Byron, who eventually became Baroness Wentworth, and, consequently, first cousin once removed to Byron's

> Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart.

In early life the Hon. Emily Mary Lamb was considered one of the most witty and accomplished belles in London society; and shortly after completing her eighteenth year, in July, 1805, she became the wife of the Right Hon. Peter Leopold Louis Francis Cowper, 5th Earl Cowper, Viscount Fordwich, and Baron Cowper, of Wingfield, county Kent, F.R.S., and a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, who left her a widow at his death, in the month of June, 1837.



THE VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.

According to the Peerages, her Ladyship had issue by the late Earl Cowper, two daughters and three sons. Of the former, the elder is married to the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the younger is the widow of Lord Jocelyn, eldest son of the Earl of Roden. Of her Ladyship's sons the eldest was the late Earl Cowper, sometime Lord-Lieutenant of Kent, who died very suddenly in April, 1856, leaving issue the present Earl and a younger son, together with four daughters. Her second son is the Right Hon. William F. Cowper, who has sat as M.P. for Hertford nearly since the passing of the Reform Bill, and is now President of the Board of Public Works, having held a variety of subordinate appointments in the public service. Her third and youngest son is the Honourable Charles Spencer Cowper, formerly in the Diplomatic Service, who is married to the daughter of the late Earl and Countess of Blessington, and widow of Count D'Orsay, and whose handsome seat at Sandringham, near Lynn, Norfolk, has just been sold to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Left a widow in 1837, the Countess Cowper married a second time, on the 16th of December, 1839, the Right Hon. Henry John Temple, 3rd and present Viscount Palmerston, a nobleman who had long been a most intimate friend and constant guest of the late Earl at Panshanger, and who is now pretty well known to most of our readers as First Lord of Her Majesty's Treasury. On contracting this marriage her Ladyship elected to be styled Viscountess Palmerston, instead of retaining in society her former higher rank as Countess Cowper.

On the death of her Ladyship's elder brothers, the two last Viscounts Melbourne, Brocket Hall, the favourite seat of the late Lord Melbourne during his Premiership, devolved on Lady Palmerston, as only surviving child of the first Lord Melbourne, and, indeed, as the last of the Lambs.

[With Supplement. Price 5d.; Stamped 6d.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY

AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

COOKING SCHOOLS.

MADAM,—I beg to inform Miss Juliana Dawson that I have written to inquire of a friend in what other towns of Germany, as she objects to Wiesbaden (and I do not wonder at her objection), Cooking Schools are established. As soon as the intelligence reaches me I will communicate with her, through your able journal. In the meantime allow me to ask whether she would feel inclined to be the first to patronise such a school in her own country, indeed her own town, if she reside in Brighton. I am greatly in hopes that I shall induce a lady, most competent for the task, to start one there.—I am, Madam, yours, GRETA.

NOTES & QUERIES

ON HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY & DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

MILK, BUTTER, AND CREAM.

MADAM,—Could any of your correspondents answer me the following question:—How much milk would it take to make 10lbs. of butter, and 10qts. of cream? Hoping you will excuse my troubling you,—I remain faithfully yours, AUGUSTA.

ICING FOR CAKES, CRUMPETS, AND BATH BUNS.

MARIA would be greatly obliged if "F. B." would give, amongst the German recipes she has kindly promised, a really good one for *icing* for cakes. She has several, but they are all so HARD when done that she is sure they are not good ones. She would also be glad to get a good recipe for crumpets and Bath buns.

ANSWERS.

STORING APPLES.

EMMELINE,—The best method of storing apples that we know of is to spread them on the floor of a dry room, as much apart as may be convenient; the less they are in contact with each other the longer they will keep. Every fortnight they must be wiped with aclean, dry cloth, as a good deal of moisture exudes, which inclines them to *decay, if allowed to remain.*

APPLE JELLY.

FOR making apple jelly, select a finely flavoured fruit,—the Ribstone Pippin is very good; the Winter Queenin is another good sort for the purpose. When pared and cored, weigh them, and to each pound add nearly a pint of cold water. Do this quickly, as the colour so soon changes after they are pared. Boil until the apples are well broken, but do not let them be done to a pulp. Drain off the juice through a fine sieve, and afterwards through a jelly-bag. It must now be weighed and put on again to boil quickly for a quarter of an hour. Add sugar, finely broken or powdered, in the proportion of two-thirds; stir till dissolved; boil again quickly for a quarter of an hour, taking great care that the fire does not catch the bottom of the skillet, as this would spoil the colour. The juice of a lemon to every three pounds of juice should be stirred in before it is taken from the fire.

MADAM,—I enclose an excellent recipe for apple jelly, one of Soyer's: —Cut six dozen of sound rennet apples in quarters, take out all the pips, put them into a sugar-pan, just cover them with cold water, and place over the fire; let boil till the apples become quite pulpy, when drain them upon a sieve, catching the liquor in a basin, which afterwards pass through a new and very clean jelly bag. To every pint of liquor have one pound of sugar, which boil to the sixth degree (as directed below); whilst hot mix in the liquor from the apple with a very clean skimmer. To prevent it boiling over keep it skimmed, lift the skimmer occasionally from the pan, and when the jelly falls from it in thin sheets take it up, and fill the pots. The smaller pots are the best adapted for jellies. GIUSTINA.

Get a quantity of the common crab-apple, which may be found growing wild on the hedges, cut them (peel and all) in slices, fill your preserving-pan with them, and just cover them with spring water. Let them boil until the fruit is almost in a mash. Strain the liquor through a flannel bag. Allow it to stand for a couple of hours, that the sediment may get to the bottom. Then run it through a piece of fine muslin, and to every pint of juice put a pound of preserving sugar; the peel and juice of a lemon in the proportion of one to every two quarts. Let it boil for an hour over a clear fire, when it can be placed in pots. When cold it will be as stiff as possible; and if not, by boiling it a second time it will become so. E. W.

HOW TO MAKE CLEAR SUGAR

Break three pounds of fine white sugar—the hardest and closest grained is the best—put it into a sugar-pan, with three pints of clear spring water, set over a sharp fire, and when beginning to boil place it at the corner to simmer, and squeeze in the juice of half a lemon; skim well, and reduce to two-thirds. It is then ready to use for jellies. GIUSTINA.

RECIPES.

TO COOK SALSIFY.

SALSIFY is a vegetable now in season. There are two good methods of dressing it. It is an excellent vegetable, but not much cared for in England. Wash the roots, and, as the outer skin is scraped off, throw the roots into cold water. They require an hour's boiling in plenty of water ready boiling; throw in with them a little salt, small piece of butter, and a little acid, lemon juice preferred. They are served with rich gravy or melted butter.

SALSIFY—ANOTHER METHOD.

WHEN the Salsify has been boiled, as directed, take some very light batter; put each piece in separately; take out, and fry lightly; drain them, sprinkle a little salt, and grate very finely lemon peel, to sprinkle merely sufficient to give a very slight flavour.

GERMAN RECIPES.

MADAM,—According to promise, I enclose my first instalment of German recipes.

KRÄPFEL.

TAKE 1lb. of flour, to 3oz. of butter, 3 table-spoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt and sugar, and 4 or 5 eggs, and mix well together. Make the mixture into balls as large as an apple, fill the middle with preserve, and let them rise in a warm place. Then *boil* them in lard, and serve with a sprinkling of powdered sugar and cinnamon.

TREACLE PUDDING.

ONE pound of flour, 1lb. of treacle, 1lb. of suet, and 4 eggs, *very* well mixed, and to be boiled from four to five hours. Add a little nutmeg, and, if necessary, ½lb. of sugar.

FLOUR PUDDING.

FOUR table-spoonfuls of flour, ½lb. of butter, 1 pint of milk, boiled together. When quite cold, add 4 eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately); mix well with the first ingredients, sweeten to taste, flavour with lemon, and bake it in a pudding-dish. F. B.

THE "GENTLER SEX" at 60 look with complacency on whitened tresses, but to youth it is a calamity; remediable, however, by Herring's Magnetic Brushes, &c., of which Dr. Hassall reports "I regard them as the most perfect brushes hitherto made, as respects their mechanical construction, and their magnetical action." They are the remedy for grey hair, neuralgia, rheumatism, &c. N.B.—*Counterfeits are being made.* —Offices, 32, Basinghall-street, London

GERMAN SWEETS.—*Kladderdatsch* (the Berlin *Punch*) has the following advertisement:—"Wanted, a King of all Work, who is willing to provide himself occasionally with a bed out of the country. Kind treatment is of less consideration than small wages.—Applications to be addressed to the Widow Hellas." In the same paper we find the following paragraph:—"We beg to inform our business friends that our town traveller, Otho, has left us last week. As soon as we have filled up his place we shall not fail to give notice to all the firms we are connected with.—Hellas and Co., late Pericles Brothers."

DRESS.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

THE FOGS and raw wintry winds of last week brought out a great many new dresses and mantles. Whether a more than usually severe season is expected we cannot tell, but preparations are most certainly being made to encounter any amount of frost and snow. The investments in furs were last week considerable, as this season they will be more fashionable than usual. Fur trimmings, we are assured by West-end furriers and dressmakers, are "all the rage." The newest out-door dresses are made up with a band of Astrakan fur round the bottom of the skirt. On the bodice, a band of the same fur is laid on to simulate a veste, and there are also bands of it round the sleeves. There are several kinds of fur used for this purpose, but the most general is the skin of the Astrakan lamb; it is black and curly, also shiny in appearance; it possesses the advantage of being durable, and has a warm comfortable look for winter wear. The width of the band round the skirt varies from three to four inches. Those ladies who consider it too expensive (for it is by no means a cheap trimming), substitute either plush, velvet, or gimp. Many silk reps were made up last week, and trimmed with bands of black velvet stitched on with white silk in arabesque designs. The stitch used for this purpose is not the usual back-stitch, but a thick chain-stitch, which is more effective. Small paletôts made of light grey and stone cloths, and buttoned with steel or gilt buttons, are ornamented round the edge with this velvet and white chain stitch trimming. French merinoes are again in great favour for home dresses, trimmed in a variety of styles. Some are embroidered in silk, others braided in soutache, and velvet is frequently used. The bodices of these French merinoes are made tight, and high to the throat, with two points in front and a small basque exactly in the centre of the back. This basque, small as it is, is very becoming to a slight figure. The sleeves are made tight as far as the elbow, and then widen out to the cuff. The cuff is pointed and made of velvet, corresponding with the trimming of the dress. French merino has much to recommend it as a material for a house, or, indeed, an out-door winter morning's dress. It is soft, falls in graceful folds, and being made entirely of wool, is warmer than when a mixture of either cotton or silk is introduced in the fabric. With these points in its favour, French merino, like silk velvet, will never be really unfashionable.

The newest black velvet out-door coverings are made in two forms; one is the large long circular, trimmed with either Astrakan or sable; the other, the paletôt, similar to those worn last winter, with this sole exception, it is considerably shorter. The paletôt is also trimmed with fur, narrow at the top, and widening as it descends down the front. Four inches is about the width of the band, which is carried round the bottom. The fur cape usually worn with the paletot is large, reaching to the shoulders; it is pointed both before and behind. This form has quite superseded the round boa. There are other black velvet coverings in vogue; but not so general as the two we have named. The long casaque or polonaise, partially fitting to the figure, and the small cardinal cape trimmed with the feather trimming which we have described in former notices. For capes, muffs, and cuffs, the most sought-after fur for this winter will be the Japanese sable. To our eye it is not nearly so rich or handsome in appearance as the Russian sable, from which it differs totally. It is light in colour, approaching more closely to the skin of a sandy-coloured cat, than anything else we can think of. Although exceedingly popular at the present moment, it is a fur for which we cannot predict a long reign.

Notwithstanding its modification the shape of the winter bonnet is still raised and high in front, and just at the top is slightly flattened again, the sides are very close to the face, there is scarcely place left for a blonde ruche; whatever the ornament may be it is placed almost at the edge of the bonnet. Many ladies hold the opinion that if they wear a becoming bonnet, the rest of their toilette matters but little. We are far from agreeing with these sentiments, but we do think that the most important part of the bonnet is the inside trimming. Now, with the present form, the large vacuum to be filled rather tests the ingenuity and taste of the milliner. It should be well filled, but the materials at disposal lightly and elegantly arranged. In London, terry, trimmed with velvet, is the popular material for the month of November. In Paris preference is given to plush, and quilted satin, and a mixture of the two is considered highly successful. We will describe briefly a few bonnets made in Paris during the past week. The first—a black velvet bonnet, the edge of which was light, being composed of two *bouillons* of white tulle, covered over with foliage, made of black lace—upon one side carmine rose buds, surrounded with moss; the cap was formed with carmine velvet and black lace leaves, black strings with carmine edges and spotted over with carmine velvet spots. The second—a biche (fawn) satin bonnet, the front was drawn and bordered with a deep band of plush of the same colour, the curtain also of plush; at one side a nest was posed among brownish-red grasses, a very small bird lighting upon a black lace bow was arranged at top; biche strings edged with plush. The third—a Mexican blue velvet bonnet, the edge of the front of white tulle covered over with ruches of blonde; the cap formed of different varieties of black lace leaves. For white drawn silk bonnets for young girls there is no ornament used in Paris, except a small bow of extremely narrow white taffetas ribbon; but the edge of the front is bordered with a band of marabout feathers. This border is so narrow, and the feathers are so arranged as to resemble closely a ruche of white tulle. Small blue flowers are the general ornament for the inside of these white drawn silk bonnets. Among the new colours which have been introduced this season, the grey slate is one of the most popular. It is a very convenient shade, as it can be worn with almost every coloured dress; in velvet, terry or plush, it looks equally well. Feathers are much sought after for bonnet trimmings, especially those which are not curled, but left in their natural state; they are consequently almost of a tawny yellow shade, with a white end, such as we see on the ostrich and cassowary plumage.

The black and white mania that has raged so long, both in London and Paris, extends even to the smallest articles, as that mixture is now very fashionable for aprons. We have seen some very tasteful aprons made of black moire antique, trimmed all round (for the corners were rounded) with a plaited black velvet ribbon, with a white edge; above this was a narrower ribbon of the same description, plaited likewise, carried along the bottom and up the right side. On the left side there was a pocket defined with the narrow black velvet white-edged ribbon. Dull and prosy as all descriptions of the make of fashionable attire must necessarily be, we assure our readers that when made up, these small aprons are exceeding stylish and tasteful for morning wear.

THE PARISIAN WORLD:

ITS COURT AND FASHIONS.

THE *REUNIONS* at Compiègne are at the present moment the centre of attraction to fashionable Parisians. The selection of the guests, amongst whom are many celebrities, attracts much speculation, and people discuss the Empress' toilettes as eagerly as they do the candidates for the throne of Greece. These latter are represented by the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Archduke Maximillian, and the Prince Napoleon; the last-named, it is said, cares but little to appear as an aspirant for the post. In short no one living in the midst of Parisian life, need be ambitious to occupy King Otho's throne. To us it appears preferable to be a Prince in Paris, rather than a King in Athens.

The greatest freedom pervades the society at Compiègne. Until noon the guests employ their time as best suits them. At twelve o'clock breakfast is served, when that is finished they turn out to walk; etiquette is only strictly observed at dinner, and at the evening *réunions*. The ladies take advantage of every opportunity to dress themselves with taste, and daily some little innovation appears, tending to give to her who invented it a brevet of originality. Some timid attempts have been made to introduce hats this winter for out-door wear. Many of the guests at Compiègne have appeared in them, made of black or blue velvet, ornamented with a tuft of white feathers. In these cases the form is changed slightly; it is no longer the small *canotier* hat which was worn during the summer, but rather one with a narrow brim and high crown—recalling the *liguers* hat. There is an elongated form also worn, with a narrow brim, on which is placed a very long, falling feather. Both these forms are very suitable for extremely young girls; but it is doubtful whether the old-fashioned bonnets will be laid aside *this* winter. There has appeared at Compiègne a novelty in the style of trimming bonnets—besides those edged with fur, some are ornamented with cashmere, disposed in *bouillonnées*, in the same manner as tulle or velvet; for instance, the Countess de Pau—— wore during this week a light green velvet bonnet ornamented with a torsade of white cashmere, from which escaped a small tuft of white feathers. The inside of the bonnet was also ornamented with puckered-up cashmere, among which ivy leaves were introduced, forming also a tuft at one side. The curtain was bound with white cashmere.

The races at Marseilles attracted many people of distinction and much company. We saw some beautiful tasteful toilettes prepared at Mme. Goldber's for the occasion; there were many cashmeres among them. This material will be decidedly fashionable. Amongst others, a black cashmere, embroidered round the skirt and collet (round cape) with black silk in garlands of flowers, with jet beads tastefully intermingled. The bodice was high, with a waistband, and embroidered *en gilet*. The *collet* was also embroidered and lined with pearl-grey plush. The bonnet was of grey plush, and had neither feather nor flowers upon it. A simple and *distingué* toilette, and at the same time a very lady-like one. Madame Pas——e, another elegant fashionable, wore at the same races a Napoleon violet taffetas,—a handsome gimp, into which some fine jet beads were introduced, was waved along the bottom of the skirt; the paletôt was short, and trimmed with gimp like the skirt. Her *collet* (round cape) was well turned down at the throat, so as to show the pretty de Barry collar, also one of Mme. Goldber's invention. This de Barry collar is formed of Valenciennes edging and insertion; in front there are two ends of lace, with which a *negligé* bow is formed. The sleeves have no bows upon them, they would crease too easily, but they have a deep *revers* of lace, which is pointed, and looks equally as graceful as the bows on the collar.

Cashmere will be worn also for promenades and for paying ceremonious visits in. We shall soon see sky-blue, and light pink toilettes reappear, such as our mothers delighted in. We know that formerly, in France at least, it was not the custom to allow young girls to wear silk dresses. Even those who could afford it were attired only in wool or muslin The first silk dress was always donned the day the marriage contract was signed. This is a custom we approve of, and we should like to see it resumed. A young girl, adorned with all the gracefulness of youth, has no need of silk or velvet to heighten her charms; and if the old custom was now observed, the distinction between married and unmarried ladies would be better established, and it would become easier to recognise them, a matter of some difficulty in the present day. But however that may be, we shall see the most aristocratic young ladies appear this winter, at evening parties, in cashmere dresses. For the graceful daughter of Prince G——tzin a dress has been ordered of white cashmere. The skirt is made with a train, and trimmed round the bottom with three rows of Empress blue velvet in different widths, the lowest row being much wider than the two others. The bodice is plain and high, with braces of white cashmere, trimmed with blue velvet; these cross at the waist both before and behind, and fall in long ends down the skirt. The dress may be made low by cutting it square, this would not change, in the smallest degree, the make of it.

Another young lady's dress of pink cashmere, charmingly trimmed with ruches of pink taffetas is also novel and fresh. House dresses are now made of almost unheard-of magnificence; for instance, imagine a velvet paletôt long enough to form a train, buttoned up the front, and trimmed all round with fur. One of these made of sapphire blue velvet, trimmed round the throat, skirt, and sleeves with bands of chinchilla, is a charming toilette. Another of pensée velvet with a rich trimming of sable around it is magnificent; a third of ruby velvet with a trimming of swan's down is dazzling —the three are destined for a young bride, the daughter of a banker, her fortune is, luckily enough, sufficiently large to allow of these costly extravagances. In dark colours these beautiful dresses might suit all ladies, but if a less *negligée* toilette were wished for, they are confined at the waist with a Swiss band which is pointed and made of velvet like the dress, and trimmed with fur; the lining must be either white plush or white satin. For walking purposes a short paletôt of the same material is added, similarly trimmed. The polonaise has greater success than ever, the short casaque partially fitting to the figure is also worn, both these forms are highly ornamented with gimp, and charmingly embroidered with silk, and jet in arabesque designs. The fashionable mantles are made very short, but are richer than those of last year. Grecian, Arabian, and Persian designs, in soutache and satin stitch are still in favour. The imagination of dressmakers is again busily occupied, but the finest and best trimming at present, is fur. Chinchilla, which was out of favour for some years, is now adopted by the most fashionable ladies. Nothing is more charming in effect than this fur, its silvery-grey colour, and silky softness, are most becoming to the complexion. Ermine will only be worn in the evening; the blue fox is pretty, but sable, the handsomest of all furs. Marten, and Astrakan, will be always in good taste for the toilettes of young girls. Pelisses, entirely lined with fur *à la Russe*, are being prepared, these are handsome and warm; but inexpensive furs are resorted to for the purpose—for we do not forget that a certain pelisse brought by the Russian Ambassador to Mme. Pompadour, cost the celebrated marchioness 80,000*l*. The black fox, a fur hardly procurable in France, costs in Russia one thousand francs per skin; but any one who passes the frontier with one of these black fox skins, pays the penalty of death.

Ball dresses will be worn of exceedingly light materials—clouds of tulle and of gauze. The skirts are always trimmed round the bottom with bouillons. Transparent dresses will be again worn this winter. The manner of placing lace upon ball dresses appears to be rather new. It is no longer posed low, but high, on the skirt; for example, on a mauve crêpe dress, the skirt of which is covered with crêpe plaitings, which face each other, and are divided with a darker mauve ruche, the lace flounce begins below the knee, and finishes off a little below the waist. This fashion will allow many lace flounces to be worn which the width of the present petticoat had rendered useless. Naturally the lace must be deep; but if such is not the case, the difficulty can be overcome by placing two narrow flounces above the deep one, only with this arrangement the effect is not so good. ELIANE DE MARSY.

GLOVES AND WIGS *versus* HEADS AND HANDS.

TO THE EDITRESS.

MADAM,—Allow me to make you the medium of my thanks to "Mary Blackbraid" for the admirable manner in which she pleads the cause of those who may, at first sight, seem to be labouring under natural deficiences, but who really glorify our modern civilization, by showing wherein the real difference between a refined and educated lady and a mere savage resides. What is it that constitutes the real difference between a lady and a savage; between the glorious handiwork of the *modiste* and the *perruquier*, and what is

called the child of Nature? What but that the latter is ignorant of, and therefore cannot avail herself of those admirable resources of modern science which constitute all that is really refined and beautiful in social life? Here is a definition for the philosopher to adopt, or to disprove—if he can! A *lady* is a glorious result of Nature improved by Art; a *woman* is a creature who depends merely upon the vulgar gifts of Nature, leaving them entirely *unimproved* and *unassisted* by her intelligence.

I cannot tell you how much I admired "Mary Blackbraid's" first letter upon the subject of "Headdresses, vulgarly called *wigs*." The scientific fact that a good "fell of hair," as Shakspeare calls it, is "apt to drain the metallic colouring elements from the system" is a most interesting one, and the only wonder I have is that any young lady, who values her constitution, can allow her head to be anything but "as smooth as a billiard ball" for four-and-twenty hours after reading it. The sole difficulty that presents itself to my mind is that, if all shave their heads, who is to grow the *raw material* for the *headdresses?* Might not our female criminals be condemned to grow their own hair for the benefit of the *ladies* of the community, or might not hair be imported from savage countries inhabited by misguided females who know nothing of the blessings of civilization?

Now my particular case is this: four years ago happening to fall from my horse, I sustained a compound fracture of my left leg, and had to have it amputated. I now wear an artificial limb (vulgarly called a cork leg), and I assure you that if your readers could understand the delightful sensation of being relieved from so much of their gross corporeality, they would not hesitate to have their legs amputated in order that they might enjoy existence as I do.

So convinced am I of the superiority which we, who thus add the wonders of Art to the charms of Nature, possess over our fellow-creatures, that I have collected a select little *coterie* of sisters in (the reverse of) misfortune, who have been lucky enough to lose some one or more of those incumbrances with which mortality afflicts us. This *coterie*, or little *club*, is in the habit of meeting at the houses of the members, taken in turn, to partake of tea; and I can assure "Mary Brackbraid" that if she will only present herself among us, she will develope into a personal admiration the sentiments which her letters have already inspired. One of our members has been fortunate enough to lose an arm, and another has had the singular good luck to have had all her teeth extracted, which gives her the opportunity of enjoying a most charming set of real "ivories," made by the skilful hand of Professor Wrench of Grinders Lodge, a well-known artist in that line.

Need I tell you how delightful are these *réunions*; how charmed we all are with each others' society, and how we never weary of admiring one another's perfections! The golden leg of Miss Kilmansegge was not more enthusiastically admired than is the beautiful limb *created* for your humble servant by Signor Stumpino; and whenever Julia Jawkins smiles in such a manner as to display her charming teeth, she causes, I assure you, quite a *succes d'estime*. It is out of tenderness to our beloved Julia that the tough and impenetrable muffin has been banished from our tea-table in favour of the softer and more succulent crumpet. We are usually waited upon by servant-maids who have recommended themselves to our notice by exhibiting a laudable desire to adhere to the principles of our society. My maid Wiggins, in addition to a most lovely false front, has the inestimable advantage of being very deaf—a charm which effectually prevents any eaves-dropping, and (as "Mary Blackbraid" said of Annette, presuming "to come into the parlour with *naked* hands") *I* should only like to see Wiggins bring the teapot in one hand without also bearing her ear-trumpet in the other. Julia Jawkins rejoices in a maid called "Squinny," who has got a most beautiful glass eye, and as Julia tells her, if she *must* be putting an eye to the key-hole, to be sure and let it be that.

And now one word as to "naked hands"—of course! what can be more indecent? Pray what were kid-skins, and even rat-skins, sent into the world for if we are to shake each other by the bare hand in this disgusting fashion? I have no patience with the fellows who prate about the "warm grasp that speaks the warmer heart"—and "the soft touch of woman's hand." Civilized people have no business with "hands" or "feet," when they have *gloves* and *boots* to distinguish them from savages, and I perfectly agree with "Mary Blackbraid," when she says that "an ungloved hand is as indecent as a naked foot." If *Desdemona* had only worn a decent pair of gloves, *Othello* would never have made that coarse observation about the warmth and moisture of her palm.

A rather less than half-civilized American, by name Edgar Poe, once wrote an absurd story called "Love at First Sight," the point of which was that a gentleman, whose vision was rather defective, had married a very old lady. The ungrateful wretch is represented as being horror-struck by the discovery that his bride wore a cork-leg, a wig, false teeth, and was blessed with other similar advantages, and the author has the infinitely bad taste to rescue him from his dilemma, by pretending that he had been deluded into marrying his grandmother. Had the fellow been possessed of a single atom of true gallantry or particle of good taste, he would have been overjoyed at the discovery that he had won for himself a wife, who thus united in her person so many touching proofs of the superiority of mind over matter, so many glorious assertions of the supremacy which Art should always claim over the gross, vulgar, and material advantages of Nature,—I am, Madam, the very humble servant of "Mary Blackbraid" and yourself, HARRIET HOBBLER.

DEAR MADAM,—I have heard there is a book written to prove that everybody is mad upon some subject, and most certainly "Mary Blackbraid" shows *her* weak point! She began her correspondence by advising all young ladies to follow her foolish example, and have their heads shaved! I am decidedly of opinion that "Mary Blackbraid," "Frisette," "Amelia B.," and the maid "Annetta," are "as mad as March hares," and though I will not dilate any longer upon "ladies' heads," (as enough has already been written on that subject by abler pens than mine), allow me to offer a few comments on her remarks about "ladies' hands."

I should to wish to know *why* she thinks "an ungloved hand as indecent as a naked foot." Can she bring forward any good reason for so ridiculous an assertion? I suppose "Mary Blackbraid" would as soon think of putting on a *décolletée* dress and short sleeves, as jumping over the moon, as she thinks it "indecent" to be ungloved! I quite agree with her when she says ladies ought never to be seen with "dirty old gloves," though I fear it *is* a common sight: but it is not everybody who can afford the very best French kid at 3*s.* 6*d.* a pair, and I mean to say if a girl's gloves fit, and are clean and *neatly mended*, she will do, though of course with a handsome dress she requires suitable gloves.

If "Miss Blackbraid" can play even decently on the pianoforte with gloves on, she is the Eighth Wonder, and I should uncommonly like to hear her performance. Oh! how my sisters laughed with me over her ridiculous letter. I shall not be at all surprised, if, in a few weeks, we see an epistle from this eccentric damsel, urging the propriety of ladies covering up their faces like the Turkish women. I dare say she is secretly wishing us all to be garbed in sober black; it would give "a melancholy dignity" to pretty young girls, would it not?

There is only one thing more I should wish to add, that is, that if "Mary Blackbraid" is not too indignant with me already, will she oblige me by informing me how much she averages her annual expenditure *for gloves alone*. Surely she is not so unreasonable as to set a young lady down as "indecent" because she cannot afford the quantity and quality of kid gloves she uses herself. But I hope there are not many of my countrywomen, who if they *could* afford it would set up so very absurd and useless a fashion. Apologizing for my long letter, I am, dear Madam, yours truly, GIUSTINA (Cheltenham).

MADAM,—Powder was worn by ladies in Paris *last* winter; and it was particularly remarked that *dark*-haired ladies should not wear the *white* powder, but the *gold*, *silver*, or *steel* powder. It seems to me that this upsets "Mary Blackbraid's" suggestion, that it is necessary to wear wigs when powder is fashionable. MISS J.

MADAM,—I think "Mary Blackbraid" must be a very nice, modest, ladylike person, and I highly approve of her glove theory. There is only one objection I can see to it at present, and perhaps "Mary Blackbraid" will kindly solve my difficulty. It is this:—Like most other young ladies, I *hope* to be married some day, and of course it will be necessary, during the interesting ceremony, to take off my glove. What, under such circumstances, *am* I to do? CURIOSA.

PRIZE MEDAL.—INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—After a most searching series of analyses, the Jurors have awarded a Prize Medal for the *Purity and Excellence of Quality* of "Wotherspoon's Victoria Lozenges," which are to be had variously flavoured in Packets at 1d., 2d., 4d., 8d., and 1s. 4d. each.

NOTES & QUERIES ON DRESS.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE COLOUR AND SHAPE OF THE HANDS.

MADAM,—Would you be so kind as to inform me of something calculated to improve the colour of the hands—mine are very red and clumsy. Would practising the piano tend to thin them? Apologising for thus trespassing on your time, and anticipating your kind reply,—I am, Madam, gratefully yours, CLARA.

[We would suggest that "Clara" wore kid gloves constantly, so as to improve the *colour* of her hands, but for the shape of them we fear that is irremediable. Perhaps some of our readers could give good advice to "Clara" on both these points.—ED.]

HOW TO CLEAN BLACK MALTESE LACE.

MADAM,—Will you kindly mention in your next number a good method for cleaning black Maltese lace. I have a veil of that description, which, though perfectly whole, is beginning to look brown and rusty. LYDIA.

[Black lace can be cleaned and restored to look almost equal to new. A cleaner and dyer will do this for you; but perhaps some of our readers can give "Lydia" directions for cleaning her black Maltese lace veil herself.—ED.]

THE GIRLS.

NEW SERIES.—CHAPTER I.

"I SUPPOSE we shall have gloves for our *noses* next," exclaimed Mr. Surly. "This 'Mary Blackbraid,' (who writes in THE QUEEN) and myself, could never agree, even if we respectively lived to the age of Methusalem, and never saw each other above twice in a century. She actually thinks it *indecent* for a lady's hand to be bare at all in company. I begin to think she must be a distant relation of that over-fastidious schoolmistress who never allowed the legs of her tables and chairs to appear in a state of nudity. What nonsense it is; I've no patience with such humbug! Indecent to show the hand—out on it! I couldn't have believed that man or woman could have written such nonsense. Why isn't it indecent to show the face? Why not muffle up our women like the women of the East, with the addition of a pair of great goggle spectacles to prevent the indecency of even the eyes appearing in a state of nudity? At any rate, if Mary Blackbraid's opinions should ever gain the upper hand, the next step will be to clothe our noses in Paris kid. I wonder what size that pretty little *retroussé* nose of yours, Lucy, would take. I wonder if this old probocis of mine would take an eight or a nine. Just picture what the state of the metropolis would be when people had their noses clad to their taste in mauve, purple, or yellow kid. I suppose clergymen would wear slate coloured noses, and that for an evening party, the nasal organs would be thrust into new white kid envelopes. Swells would fill the 'Ring' adorned with primrose and violet noses, old gentlemen wrap theirs in brown worsted for the winter. But can you imagine a man or woman, with a grain of appreciation for the beautiful, or with an ounce of common sense, sitting down to pen such nonsense. What is more beautiful than the white hand of a lady, with its rosy filbert nails, dimpled plumpness, and symmetrical fingers. Why on earth should we cover up all that beauty and symmetry; why should we change the lovely hue of healthy human flesh for an artificial skin of brown, or yellow, or green, or black? Ah! that brings me to another point. Is Mary Blackbraid connected with the Mourning Bride, or has she contracted a violent but unreciprocated passion for the King of Ethiopia? She is always raving about BLACK—black hair—black silk—black eyes, I suppose—and now black gloves. I declare I shouldn't like to be related to that lady. I should be afraid that she would drop a spot of oxalic acid in my tea, in order to give herself a chance to wear her darling mourning again. Fancy that fearful person, when her black garments were beginning to wear out, casting her baleful glances round the table at a family party, as much as to say, 'Why don't you die, some of you? I want to go into mourning again.' A wedding, or any other occasion when light colours must be worn, must be a real trial to her. I thought that the serious black and white mania was going out of fashion, and that people were growing more sensible. Oh, imagine what a horrible world this would be if all people were of the Blackbraidian stamp, and wore black perpetually! No charming little bits of scarlet and blue for artists to enliven their pictures with. Black, black, nothing but black. Great Nature herself would, of course, be horribly vulgar for indulging so liberally in blues and greens, and lovely orange autumnal tints. 'Why will not the earth grow respectable?' cries Society, in mourning. Why are not the leaves black, and landscapes all sketched in Indian ink? What fashionable people niggers would become, to be sure! Is Mary Blackbraid a nigger? She raved so much some time ago about her *black* wig, and seemed to look down upon all tresses of another colour, that I could bring myself to believe it. Now, I won't stand this. We are essentially a fair-haired race, and we glory in it. I should say black hair was decidedly in the minority in England; and so it ought to be. Why should we, children of the old Teutons, admire black hair? *I* don't myself; I can't see any beauty in it. How many of our poets have raved about black tresses? Do we not, wherever we turn, meet with glowing words in praise of the golden tresses and the sunny hair of our English girls? Brown hair, even though dark, has beautiful lights sometimes; but black hair, compared with tresses of other hues, is as flat and uninteresting as jet is compared with the varying opal or the rich amethyst. When you lounge up and down the pier at Ryde or Brighton, or on the sands at Scarborough, isn't the majority of the beauty there of the old Teutonic fashion—hair like glittering golden wire, or like rich waves of sunny brown; fair skins and blue eyes. Don't you remember Mr. Sala's critique upon 'Lord Dundreary,' and his strictures on the mistake of presenting a fellow with black hair and whiskers as the type of our English swells. He justly intimates that the majority of our English swells are tawny; the colour of the lion in the lion-hearted race. I say it again, we are a fair-haired race, and let us be proud of it. We are not a nation of mantillas, and coal-black eyes and stilettos; we are not a nation of assassins, as too many of the dark-haired races are. We claim to be descended from those grand golden-haired savages to whom the smell of the battle was life itself. Savage they were; but they did not stab in dark lanes, and thrust into 'still lagoons.' They preferred to meet their enemy in the crowd of battle, and smite his head with their hammers, revelling in the anticipation of one day after death drinking mead from his skull in the Hall of Valhalla, and feasting of the undiminishing flesh of the wild boar, till Valhalla should pass away, and the brighter happiness of 'Gimle' be realised.

"Dear, dear me, where on earth have you gone to, uncle, from poor Mary Blackbraid and her glove mania?"

"Nowhere on *earth*, up to the Saxon Heaven, and their Heaven of Heavens, 'Gimle,' that's all; but to make a leap and get back again—this stuff about gloves sickens me. I shouldn't like to see a lady out in the street without gloves, perhaps; but the idea of performing all the social relations of life in gloves, and *black* gloves too, the thought is horrible, funereal! This love of black clothes too is to me intensely vulgar. The working man's highest notion of a gentleman is often a suit of black. Surely now art and art-progress have taught us how to combine and use colour, we musn't throw it overboard and take to that which is no colour, and is as dead as the death it typifies. Who could be cordial if he or she was perpetually to wear gloves? The hand is one of the most beautiful parts of the human frame; why cover it then? Is Mary Blackbraid afflicted with hands like beefsteaks, or covered with scars or warts that she strives so earnestly to bring universal gloving into fashion? I hate to see a lady play the piano with gloves. And how about rings which usually flash and glitter to perfection as a lady runs her fingers up and down the keys? Would you wear them outside your *black* gloves, Mary Blackbraid? 'Oh, horrible! horrible! most horrible!' vulgar tin the extreme! I hate to see a girl in an English country lane gloved as if she were in Regent-street. When you go to shake hands with Nature do it with a bare hand, and the grasp will be warmer. Half the enjoyment of a pic-nic, and indeed of the country generally, consists in throwing off the restraints of life; in casting one's self down on Nature's lap; in feeling free and easy: who can be free and easy in bran new gloves? I hate to see ladies eat in gloves. I hate to see clergymen preach in gloves. How can you expect a man to be energetic, forcible about those great things which concern us all so deeply, with gloves on? No gloved preaching for me. Mary Blackbraid says 'Amelia' and herself never take off their gloves except to change them. I assume then that they sleep in them. Who could get cordial with such a woman? Who could expect a hearty welcome from such gloved beings! As for bare hands being indelicate, that is such utter nonsense that I can only say I am amazed it should ever be written. The foot would not be indelicate, if the climate allowed of its being uncovered, and we lose many a glimpse of beauty in being unable to see the snowy feet of our ladies. Oh, for mercy's sake do not let us take away from gaze the beauty of the feminine hand! Don't let us degenerate into a gloved generation. When the hand of friendship is given, let it still be warm, hearty, and ungloved! When the lover parts from his mistress, let him squeeze—not the *black* kid—oh, horrible!—but the plump, warm, living hand of his love! Imagine a state of universal glove-dom. It would, I think, in time affect both the manners and feelings of the people, and that excessively sensitive period would arrive when, as has been queerly imagined, a man drowning in the water calls frantically for help to a person on the shore, who politely raises his hat and regrets that he cannot have the happiness of saving him, as they have not been introduced. Be sure that man on the shore will have gloves on! There, now, I've done with the subject."

"But, Surly, how about the powdered heads that are coming in again; how should you like that?"

"Well, you see, I'm old enough to remember old gentlemen wearing powder. If you could introduce the good features of the powdered days as well as the powder, it would be well; but the powder itself is simply nasty. If I catch either you or any of the girls flowering or violet-powdering their heads, I will cut you."

"Well, uncle," said Miss Ada, "I think I like your lectures best when you are indignant at anything, you seem to get up the steam better."

"Aye; it's time now to feed the furnace, though. Give me a little of that pigeon pie." J. J. B.

(*To be continued.*)

CONFIDENCES.

BENJAMIN BADAUD'S CONFIDENCES.

MADAM,—I have the honour to forward a continuation of my copy of the "Essay on the esculent Boletus."

"The *genus* Boletus may be recognised even by the non-botanical reader from its possessing a *cap* (pileus) like the common field mushroom, which is convex, smooth, and generally of a brownish colour. But in place of *gills*, it is furnished with *tubes*, in which are contained its seeds or sporules. These tubes are small, nearly round, and white when the fungus is in the button stage; but they soon become yellow and tawny; and *they separate easily from the cap*—a property which distinguishes the genus Boletus from the genus Polyporus, between which there is great resemblance in many respects. Of the latter genus, a few species are edible, many poisonous, and one or two possess medicinal properties.

"To return to the fungus, which more particularly occupies our attention. The *species* is easily distinguished from its congeners (about fifteen are natives of Britain) by the whiteness, firmness, and agreeable odour of its *flesh*, the whole *not changing colour on being cut or bruised*. The *stem* is short, enlarged at the base, particularly when young, and *reticulated*, or marked with net-like lines. The only dangerous species which it is possible for an inexperienced amateur to mistake for *B. edulis*, is *B. luridus*—Poisonous Boletus—the cap of which resembles that of the edible fungus; but its stem is rather *striated* (marked with parallel and vertical lines), than *reticulated*; and those lines are of a reddish colour. Moreover, the *flesh* of the poisonous cryptogam is soft, yellow when first cut open, and it quickly changes colour when exposed to the air, becoming green, blue, and even black. The smell, too, is particularly nauseous. As a general rule, to which there are no exceptions, all fungi which change colour when cut or bruised, or which have a disagreeable smell, should not be eaten.

"Having now, I trust, clearly shown how to recognise the edible Boletus, I proceed to cooking it. The simplest mode of cooking any kind of mushroom is on the gridiron, and butter, pepper, and salt will satisfy the ordinary epicure. The connoisseur will insist upon Provence oil, grown in the neighbourhood of Aix if possible, and reject, as he would the vilest of Colza, the productions of Lucca and Florence. Even the far-famed Venafran would be despised: "Pressa Venafrano quod bacca remisit olivo." "The best and purest from the vats Venefran prest," as Francis imperfectly renders it. [I fear Mrs. B. has not read "P. P."—BEN. BADAUD.] With oil from Aix must mingle *mignonette* [this, I suppose, means white pepper coarsely ground.—B. B.] and lemon-juice. The fungus may also be roasted on the spit, and basted, according to taste, with butter, oil, and Madeira; or it may be stewed *a la Bordelaise*. But I should have premised that, cook it how we may, the epidermis must be peeled off; and if past the button stage, stem and tubes rejected. It must then be steeped about ten minutes, more or less according to age, in salt, vinegar, and water. If we purpose stewing after the fashion of Bordeaux, the delicious specimens will be all the better if placed a moment or two on a gridiron to expel superfluous moisture, and well wiped with a towel. They must then be put in a silver saucepan and *slowly* stewed with Provence oil, parsley, a *soupçon* of garlic, pepper, and salt, a few drops of lemon-juice being added towards the conclusion of the interesting operation. The Italians make an excellent sauce, composed, I think, of pounded almonds, garlic, yolk of egg, white pepper, oil, and lemon-juice.

"But the Boletus, as well as some other fungi, may be eaten raw, as is the fashion in various parts of Europe. Schwœgrichen informs us that he ate nothing but raw fungi (seasoned with anise and carraway seeds) and black bread for several weeks, his only drink spring water. He thrived wonderfully well on this Spartan diet, improving in strength and complexion. After this I can say nothing more without weakening the cause of my favourite *Cryptogame*, save that it is more easily cultivated than the common Mushroom. All that it is requisite to do being to sprinkle the water in which a number of old boleti tubes have remained a few days, under oak and other trees, taking good care to fence in the ground, if deer or pigs are likely to visit it, as soon as the buttons begin to appear. But the Boletus is so common in its natural state in most places, there is seldom a necessity to grow it artificially."

Such, Madam, is Mrs. B.'s paper. It is likely, I fear, to prove much less to the taste of most of your readers than her favourite fungus proves to her's and mine on the table,—Yours respectfully,

BENJAMIN BADAUD.

SUGGESTIONS.

MADAM,—Doubtless the contents of your journal are exceedingly varied and itteresting. I should like, from time to time, to add to the variety, and, if possible, to the interest, by a few miscellaneous and altogether unpretending notes.

The gifted, but unfortunate Gerard de Nerval, published, about two years ago, a volume entitled "Les Illumines," containing, among other matter, a charming account of Rétif De La Bretonne. After a wild and licentious youth, Rétif established a printing office at Paris. His productivity was so rapid and inexhaustible, that he set his own

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRESSURE upon our space has this week compelled us to omit numerous contributions and letters, in nearly every department of our paper.

MARY BLACKBRAID.—We insert several letters in reply to "Mary Blackbraid;" others have been received which repeat the arguments, and some have come to hand too late for the printer.

THE WORK TABLE.

ONE.—We will publish the capital letters for illuminating which you ask for, with much pleasure; but we fear they cannot appear for some weeks to come. We are much pleased that you admire the illuminations which have appeared in THE QUEEN.

A COUNTRY MAIDEN.—There is an excellent essay upon the subject of church decorations, by the Rev. Edward L. Cutts, B.A. As many of our readers have requested similar information, and as the essay, although short, is very valuable, we shall revert to it in our columns.

KITTY.—The method of applying gold leaf in illuminating is as follows:—After sketching out the pattern, cover the whole of the space which is to be gilded with gold size; this is a yellowish-brown preparation sold for the purpose in small gallipots at the colour shops; it is applied with a small sable brush, just as if it were paint. You must have a pad, knife, and tip; all these are sold for the purpose; when the size is quite dry, open carefully the book of gold leaf which has been previously placed upon the pad: hold back the paper leaf which covers each sheet of gold, and cut off with the knife as much of the gold leaf as you think necessary, leaving it still on the book:—Take the tip in your right hand, stroke it once upon your hair which enables it easily to take up the gold leaf; when you have this ready, breathe on the size and apply the gold leaf which is ready on the tip; while holding it there, take up with your left hand a little piece of cotton wool, and press down all the gold leaf; continue the foregoing process till all the part prepared with the size is covered. It can be done bit by bit, and should any part be imperfectly covered, the defect is easily set right by taking a little more of the gold leaf. You must breathe on the size whenever you are ready to put down the gold leaf. When done, the superfluous pieces of gold are easily brushed away, as it adheres only where the size is. Of course the putting this last on, requires neatness and care; but this and the method of applying the gold leaf is easily attained by practice. The materials required are—Gold leaf, Gold size, Brush, Pad, Knife, Tip, Cotton wool.

T. P. MALVERN.—We are, unfortunately, ignorant of any book containing figures of the flora of the carboniferous age, and should say, in default of it, that the modern forms would be sufficiently characteristic, and the best thing that could be substituted.

DRESS.

JANE.—There are various preparations for preserving and cleaning ladies' kid boots. The common blacking should certainly never be used except for the edge of the soles, and the military heels. We have found the best thing to be a mixture of white of egg and ink, which is put into a bottle so that it can be shaken before it is used: it is put on with a bit of sponge, and when dried, rubbed with the palm of the hand. Should the kid appear at all inclined to crack, which it will if not good, rub in occasionally a few drops of sweet oil. The proportion of egg to the ink should be the whites of two eggs to a sixpenny bottle of the ink. We decidedly advise "the use of boot trees;" they so much preserve the shape of the boots, and also assist the cleaning of them smoothly, and prevent the linings being soiled by the insertion of the servants' hands, not always over clean.

MISS J.—We have inserted only a small portion of your letter respecting "Mary Blackbraid's" views. Your letter reached us late in the week, and other correspondents had already dealt fully with the topics. Thanks for your communication. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

A STAR.—We have not forgotten our promise; but all does not depend upon ourselves. The *redingote* sleeves and the collar already promised are in the engraver's hands, and will appear as soon as they are finished. The leather trimming, with the steel knobs, can be purchased at Mr. W. F. Cutts, 198, Sloane-street, or at any good shop where trimmings are sold. It is not at all expensive, the price being about 1s. per yard. The Astrakan fur trimming is more expensive; the best is about 16s. per yard, although it can be had cheaper. A furrier would be the best man to apply to for it.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You are quite right; sashes are worne with almost every ball dress. Wide black lace ones are very fashionable as well as effective. We are, in a great measure, dependent upon our Paris correspondents for the dresses on the Fashion Plates. This must necessarily be the case, as we consider French fashions much superior to any we can obtain in this country. The gay season has hardly recommenced in Paris; and until such is the case, we shall have, we fear, no great variety of ball dresses. One is, however, promised for next week. The Court shortly returns to the capital, and then we trust to have designs for evening dresses of all descriptions.

CONNEY.—We can give you the same answer. We have written to Paris on the subject, and THE QUEEN will next week give Plates of Fashions with ball dresses on them. The design for the embroidered pocket-handkerchief case you shall have with pleasure; also, if possible, the floral illumination for a blotting case; but this we cannot promise so positively.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

MARTHA.—If lobster sauce has been made thick and good, we know of no better use to put it to than, when cold, to make sandwiches of it. You cannot, indeed, have a better thing for sandwiches. The best kind of bread for the purpose is, in our opinion, the French roll. The same kind of bread can be obtained in a larger shape; it must be used a day old, as it is so much easier to spread the butter on when not new, and also to cut the slices sufficiently thin.

E. W. (Kildrino) and MRS. P. (Bolton).—Many thanks for your recipes. They appear in our Household Economy department. Recipes for household use are very welcome to us and to our readers.

DOMESTIC PETS.

M. A. O.—We are obliged by your philological correction. Your hint that ladies may most easily kill stray cats by shooting them with saloon pistols, is hardly consistent with your statement that "either the head or the heart must be struck." It was Mr. Kidd alone who advised those who keep pet birds in gardens to begin their experiences by killing all stray cats. We do not approve the practice introduced by our friend, and there can be no doubt that it is illegal.

CUTHBERT BEDE.—We have stated in another column our suspicion that Mr. Briggs's suggestion of a machine for killing cats was meant in irony. We hope to hear from Mr. Kidd, that when he boasted of killing fourteen cats in a night in his garden to save his pet birds, he boasted largely. He is the animal's friend in his lectures, and has helped "The Home for starving Dogs" Why not a Home for stray Cats instead of a grave? Surely Mr. Kidd will *say* why.

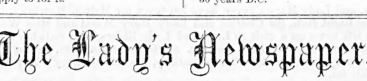
ONE WHO THINKS GOD HAS MADE ALL GOOD THINGS (Liverpool).—Please tell your husband he ought to have discovered Briggs's joke. He is evidently not good at riddles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMMA.—We were ourselves much surprised to learn that the usual manner of spelling reindeer is not correct; but we find, both in Johnson's and Walker's Dictionaries, that it is spelt with the *a*—raindeer. Johnson has always been considered an authority in the spelling and pronunciation of English; but it must be remembered that both these are subject to change and modernization, and that this has always been the case, as is easily seen when we compare the present spelling and use of words with that of a century ago. The English language abounds in idiomatic expressions and irregularity of pronunciation, so that it is impossible to lay down unexceptionable rules: the only standard is what is in use amongst the most cultivated circles. With regard to spelling, there cannot be so much latitude conceded as still, some words such as this of rein or raindeer, might be spelt in either way without subjecting oneself to the imputation of ignorance. Wagon is another of these; the spelling with one "g" was used until lately; but we perceive that the two "g's" *are almost always used.*

SUSIE.—We have heard various opinions expressed on the subject of Cleopatra's origin. Mr. Story's beautiful piece of sculpture in the International Exhibition, has given rise to the question lately. He, it would appear, has adopted the Egyptian type. But there seems more ground for the supposition that she was of Grecian descent. Cleopatra was the daughter of Ptolemy Antetes; sister and wife of Ptolemy Dionysius. The Ptolemies were successors of Alexander. Cleopatra died 30 years B.C.

The Lady's Newspaper.



THE FEMALE BLONDIN.

IN ADDITION to the subscriptions already announced, we have received the following during the past week:—

Irwin Willes ("Argus the Exile")	0	5	0
L. Fawn	0	5	0
Misses E. and C. Scott	0	10	0

Contributions to be addressed to the care of the Editress of this Journal, 346, Strand, W.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY LAST was a twofold celebration, namely, of the twenty-first birthday of the Heir Apparent, and of the Lord Mayor's Show. The proper date of both events was, as everybody knows, the 9th; but as that day fell on a Sunday, the celebration was necessarily postponed until next day. The demonstrations of public joy at the attainment of his majority by the Prince of Wales were not very strongly pronounced; but this, rightly understood, argues, we think, more of loyalty than of indifference to the Crown. The desire of her Majesty that no great public rejoicing should take place during the present year of mourning is so clearly and widely understood, that we do not wonder that the public illumination was confined to a few West-end tradesmen, principally those who serve the Prince himself. The Clubs (which are never backward when a a display of this sort takes place) all showed fronts of solemn black; and the theatres, which usually take advantage of an illumination as a kind of advertisement, were only half illuminated. Next year, when the Prince is once more among us, and the wound which still bleeds in his widowed mother's heart is cicatrised, we have no doubt that his birthday will be made the occasion of rejoicings and public demonstrations all the more marked for the reserve which has been this year observed. Meanwhile, we will offer an observation which is based upon an inspection of such illuminations as were visible on Monday night, and which may be of service to those who intend to illuminate for the future,—for the purposes of an artistic illumination, gas, unless protected behind glass or a transparency, is a failure. For a brilliant star, the jets being set behind cut glass, it is well enough; but scrolls of jets, exposed to all the "airts that blaw," result in deplorable failure. Messrs. Howell and James (whose illumination was certainly the most pretentious we saw) had evidently gone to great expense over an enormous construction of gas-pipes, patterned into scrolls, Prince's feathers, "Ich Dien," and "God save the Prince;" but what was the result? The wind was blowing pretty fresh that night, and in spite of the zealous endeavours of half-a-dozen men (who were constantly at work on the balcony amid an amount of dazzle and heat which must have been well-nigh intolerable), not more than one-half of the illumination could be kept alight at the same time. The consequence was that the pattern seemed to be always in a most incomplete state, and it was only with difficulty that any part of it could be made out. As a contrast to this, the rich golden and coloured lights of the old-fashioned oil illuminations, burning with a steady, though subdued, light, showed exceedingly well by contrast, and altogether we conclude that, however valuable gas may be in some respects, it is not an improvement (used as Messrs. Howell and James used it) in a public illumination.

With the Lord Mayor's Show and its preposterous absurdities we may leave Miss Turnour to deal elsewhere. We entirely agree with her criticism upon it. It is ridiculous, and what is worse, it seems to get meaner and dingier every year. What crimes a man can have committed that he should be condemned to be dragged to Westminster in this guise passes us to conceive; but the sufferings of the Lord Mayor (who only undergoes this punishment once—unless, like Alderman Cubitt, he should have the absurd ambition to be martyred twice) must be light in comparison with those of the unhappy sword-bearer in the fur cap, who sits bodkin in the gingerbread coach, and who is compelled to suffer his annual meed of jeers so long as he receives the civic salary. For our part, we have a great respect for all quaint old forms, and have no objection, in proper time and place, even to a little bit of mediæval mummery, provided only it be genuine and handsome. Let us have no shams or half-measures in such things. We are afraid the population is now too large and too boisterous to allow of a fountain of wine, or even of beer, being opened at Paul's, or of an ox being roasted whole at the Royal Exchange; but a handsome procession, with plenty of shows and mummeries, good store of men in real armour, groups emblematical of the trades of the metropolis, a very brave sight might be made of such matters, which is the very reverse of what the present hybrid collection of private carriages, hired broughams, dingy, tipsy fellows in sham armour, staggering watermen and volunteers can, by any stretch of complimentary phrase, be justly called. Pray, good my Lord Mayor for the year of grace 1864, turn this matter over in your mind, and either go to Westminster quietly, in your neat private carriage, as a gentleman should, or brave it out as of yore with a real, good, handsome, substantial show.

Certain of our daily contemporaries celebrated the majority of the Prince of Wales, by administering to him a lecture about his position and duties. This may be all very well; but we would fain hope that the excellent education which he has received has rendered such officiousness quite unnecessary. At any rate, it certainly seems to us that it would have been quite time enough to offer a lecture to the Prince when the occasion for it had arisen. One, bolder than the rest, takes a higher flight, and presumes to "warn" his Royal Highness on the danger he will incur if he suffer his name to be made the watchword of a party. "There is one danger," says the public monitor, "to which every Heir Apparent must be exposed. His name would be a tower of strength for any faction which could possess itself of it; nor will any Prince of Wales live long before he finds himself besieged by a circle of sycophants ready to imagine slights, to suggest grievances, to magnify light discontents, to call themselves 'the Prince's friends,' and to *claim for him great powers, constitutional and unconstitutional*, which they themselves hope to exercise. When these temptations come upon him, let us hope that *the Prince will read the history of his family and be warned.*" We have italicised the words in this passage which appear to us to contain the *gravamen* of this threat—for into such only can we construe it. It is notorious and obvious that during the last three reigns the encroachments of Ministers upon the Royal Prerogative have been so great as to reduce the real power of the Crown to a very small minimum. During the Regency of the last Prince of Wales, a strong party of politicians made a very strenuous endeavour to rescue the prerogative of the Crown from the encroachments of the Ministers. This endeavour was, however, rendered nugatory, chiefly by the personal odium excited by the character of the Prince. Far be it from us to desire to see the day when either the Sovereign or the Heir Apparent should lend their high names to the purposes of faction or party. On the contrary, we would earnestly desire to see the Crown once more restored to its proper place and function in the State, as the fountain of all honour, the head of all law. It is the prostitution of honour and of place to the purposes of faction that we deplore, and that is a result much more likely to ensue upon any increase of ministerial power than upon any legitimate restoration of the Constitutional power of the Crown.

Yesterday (Friday) the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse were expected to arrive at Gravesend, on their way to Osborne, where the Princess Alexandra of Glucksburg is still staying, and where the Princess Alice will have an opportunity of making her acquaintance. The Princess Royal of Prussia yet accompanies her brother in his Italian journey. According to latest accounts, the royal party, still travelling *incognito*, had reached Naples.

An extraordinary *Gazette* issued in consequence of the Prince of Wales's birthday, announces the promotion of his Royal Highness to the military rank of General. Several other military and naval promotions, in honour of the same event, are announced. A correspondent of a daily contemporary, signing "Ralph de Peverel," calculates that the cost to the country of these promotions (the subjects of which are, for the most part, very old men) will be about 10,000*l.* per annum, or on a moderate calculation, 100,000*l.* altogether.

The effort now being made for relieving the Lancashire distress is very wide and general. A sense now seems to pervade the country of the urgency of the need, and, sinking all minor questions as to whether the millowners have or have not acted generously, or even done their duty, the hand of charity is opened wide from one end of the country to the other. This is well; very well. All we hope is, that the charity thus given will be wisely administered. The operatives of the cotton trade must clearly understand that although they have a claim for food, they have none for luxury, and that their position in time of prosperity is so infinitely superior to that of the agricultural labourer, that they ought not to have been in the helpless condition which the unfortunate crisis of the American war found them in. As we have before pointed out, these men in time of full work earn from a pound to thirty shillings a week, whilst young girls will get from twelve shillings to more than a pound. Set this against the eight shillings a week of the adult agricultural labourer, and we think the duty of saving incumbent on the Lancashire operative is clearly made out.

It appears that the Secretary of State, in extending her Majesty's pardon to Jessie Mc Lachlan, has commuted the punishment into that of penal servitude for life. Some of the local defenders of Mrs. McLachlan complain of this; even the *Times* denounces it as illogical. Why so? According to her own showing, the woman has been guilty of being an accessory in the murder; and, assuming every word of her own story to be true, she richly merits the most severe punishment, short of death, which it is in the power of the law to inflict.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a new post-office regulation lately promulgated, which reduces the charge for registering letters which contain money and valuables from 1*s.* to 4*d.* Judging from the success which has attended the experiment, it is hoped that this alteration will become indirectly the means of removing a very sore temptation from a class of men who seem ill able to bear it. The carelessness with which people entrust considerable sums of money to the post-office without any protection whatever, has long been a source of perplexity and uneasiness to the post-office authorities. Feeling that it was, in one sense, a compliment to the trust-worthiness of the department that unsecured property should be so confided to its care, Sir Rowland Hill and his subordinates have done their best to ensure the safe transmission of that property, not, it must be confessed with invariable success. The temptation has certainly been great, for the carelessness of the public even goes to the extent of putting money and notes into envelopes without writing any address upon them. The men who are unfortunately subject to these temptations are men who have to do a very great deal of work for no very great amount of pay. They feel the money in the letter,—sometimes it even escapes from the folded paper, and they know that if they can only destroy the letter and get rid of the money before those evidences of guilt can be found upon them, they will probably escape scot free. To check this, the officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand have constantly employed the highly objectionable device of "trap letters," and the judges have testified their sense of the necessity of having immaculate postmen by rigorously passing heavy terms of penal servitude whenever a conviction could be obtained. It is now hoped, however, that by bringing the expedient of registration more within the reach of all, the practice of sending unregistered money letters will be discontinued, and by the increased security thus obtained much of the temptation will be practically removed. The only thing is for the public, as much in mercy to the letter-carriers as for their own sakes, to invariably register letters containing money or valuables. Another wholesome provision in the regulation is that the authorities are to have the power to register a letter which evidently contains money, and to charge the double fee (8*d.*) upon the recipient of the letter.

The obituary of the week contains the name of a great and puissant nobleman, who died last Saturday evening at Lausanne, deeply regretted by all who knew him. The style and titles of the Most Honourable John Campbell, Marquis of Breadalbane, will be found elsewhere. His lordship died in the sixty-sixth year of his age, having scarcely survived the death of his wife a year. In him the Royal Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, and the Acclimitisation Society of Great Britain, have lost their president. His estates in Scotland (including the Black Forest and Taymorth) were so vast in extent, that when the late Prince Consort visited Scotland, he expressed to the Marquis his surprise at them. "Oh! your Royal Highness," was the reply, "I am fond of elbow-room." The estates, and the princely income accruing from the same, have devolved, for want of a direct heir to the Marquis, upon Captain Campbell, of Glenfalloch, his cousin several times removed.

FEUILLETON OF THE WEEK:

LITERARY, ARTISTIC, DRAMATIC, AND SCIENTIFIC.

WE HAVE neither received, seen, nor heard of any books of much importance issued during the past week. The talk in literary circles is of those which have appeared, and of those which are coming. Bishop Colenso's heretical lucubration is in everyone's mouth, and it is currently reported that no less than six young Templars, of strongly religious principles, have been so horrified by its perusal that they have refused to review it for the *Saturday Review*. "Lady Audley's Secret" has already reached the *fifth* edition.

The most interesting fact connected with the newspaper press is the appearance in the *Times* of a series of "special" letters from Secessia, written with an evident intention to exalt the South and blacken the North as much as possible. The "correspondent" is understood to be a certain Mr. Lawley, brother to the Mr. Lawley now of "Reindeer" celebrity. This gentleman was in Parliament some years ago, and was secretary to Mr. Gladstone.

In the absence of anything British, we have been turning over a remarkable little volume by M. Eugène Pelletan, entitled "La Nouvelle Babylone: Lettres d'un Provincial." (Paris: Pagnerre). The name of M. Pelletan will not be forgotten by those who read the report of the Brussels banquet to Victor Hugo. He is one of the most remarkable men now connected with the French press, and although the severity of the Censorship drove him from the editorship of *Le Courier de Dimanche*, he continues to enlighten and amuse the world with many brilliant pages. "La Nouvelle Babylone" is a scathing satire, all the more so because it is inspired by truth, of the present condition of French society. We have no intention of reviewing the book here. Let us hope that some enterprising publisher will see his interest in furnishing our reading public with a *really good translation of it*; not an easy task to execute, by-the-bye. For the present we shall content ourselves with

attempting to give our readers some idea of a very remarkable chapter in it as to a strange practice which has lately come to pass in Paris.

By force of making a mere show of Woman, Luxury soon deprives her of all feeling of shame. The free and easy duchesses of the Regency finished by selecting their chambermaids from among their lackeys. They employed the footmen to lace their stays and fasten their neckerchiefs for them.

But can you believe that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there exist dressmakers with beards—men, real men like the Zouaves, who, with their strong hands, measure the exact dimensions of the most titled women in Paris, dress them, undress them, and turn them round and round before them, as if they were neither more nor less than wax figures in a hairdresser's window.

Of course you know the Rue de la Paix—so called because it celebrates War in the shape of a column. In that street lives an Englishman who enjoys a very different popularity in the world of frippery from that of a Lent preacher. This Englishman, it must be admitted, has created a new kind of art, the art of screwing-in a woman's figure with a precision hitherto unknown. He has the inspiration of the scissors, the genius of the gore. He knows the exact spot at which the stuff should fit tightly, and where it should float around at will. He understands at a glance, by the whole context of the woman, what should be shown and what concealed. Providence has created him from all eternity to discover the law of crinolines and the true curve of the petticoat. He is a perfect gentleman, always fresh and clean shaved, always curled, black coat, white cravat, cambric sleeves fastened at the wrist with a gold button. He officiates with all the gravity of a diplomatist who carries the future of the world shut up in one of the compartments of his brain.

When he tries a dress upon a live doll of the Chaussée d'Antin, it is with the most profound contemplation that he touches, fits, measures and marks with chalk the defective fold in the stuff. Anon he steps back, and the better to judge the effect of his handiwork at a distance, he holds his hand before his eye like an opera-glass, and resumes, with an inspired finger, the work of modelling the dress on the body of his customer. Sometimes he plants a flower here, or tries on a ribbon there, in order to test the general harmony of the toilette; and all this time the Eve in process of manufacture stands motionless and resigned, and allows her creator to proceed with the work of her creation in silence.

At last when he has moulded the silk as if it were clay, and when he has modelled the figure according to his idea, he takes his place at the other end of the room, and seats himself upon a sofa with his head thrown back, and directs his work as with a conductor's *baton*. "To the right, Madam!" and the lady turns accordingly. "To the left!" and round she goes. "Face me!" and she looks straight at the artist. "Right about face," and the obverse is presented. In this manner a German Princess, acclimatised at Paris, executes, at the orders of a man, a complete course of drill. After which he dismisses her with a royal gesture, "That will do, Madam."

I have never witnessed these mysteries of Eleusis, and only know of them through the indiscretions of the initiated; but this is what a passing zephyr whispered in my ear, and I only repeat the disclosure (be it thoroughly understood) under all possible reserve. The fashionable ladies of Paris, enchanted with the splendid fashions of their trousered dressmaker, have come to believe that a man who can make a dress so beautifully ought to be able to put it on better than anyone else and set upon it the seal of the master. Therefore, whenever a Court ball takes place, or a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, or even a grand reception at the Palais Royal, or the Luxembourg, you may see drawn up, about ten o'clock at night, before the door of the foreign dressmaker, a long string of carriages, the wretched coachmen sitting on the boxes buried in their great coats. The mistresses have mounted the stairs into this Temple of the Toilet; as they enter, they receive a card, bearing the number of their turn, and they pass on into the waiting-room. As they can only appear one by one before this pontiff of the petticoat, the late comers have occasionally to wait a long time; but a delicate piece of attention on the part of the master of the house enables them to relieve as much as possible the fatigues of the ante-chamber. A sideboard, richly provided, offers to the fair expectants the positive consolations of the choicest dishes and pastry, and here the etherial little dames of the Paris drawing-rooms fortify themselves for the polka, by partaking of unlimited *paté de foie gras*, washed down with abundant Malmsey. Thus refreshed at the expense of the establishment, they brave with an intrepid spirit the operation of the toilette. The master dispatches them one after another, and with considerable celerity. He examines; turns them about; a final touch; a pin here and there, and Madam has realised the prototype of elegance.

The journals of the week have announced and contradicted a catastrophe. A paragraph stated that Madame Anna Bishop, now in the United States, had met with her death in consequence of her clothes accidentally catching fire, at St. Paul's, Minnesota. Her son replies that this can hardly be true, seeing that he has received a letter from her dated nine days after the date of the alleged fatal accident.

At the Princess's a pretty little comic drama, by Mr. Maddison Morton, has been produced, entitled "One Good Turn Deserves Another." The piece is well supported by Miss Amy Sedgwick, Mr. C. Seyton, Mr. George Vining, Mrs. H. Marston, &c., and is perfectly successful. At the Olympic, Mr. Watts Phillips has produced a drama under the name of "Camilla's Husband." The form and intrest of this piece are quite melo-dramatic. It is supported admirably by Messrs. F. Robson, Vincent, H. Neville, Walter Gordon, and Horace Wigan; and by Miss Kate Saville, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Florence Haydon; and is exceedingly well put upon the stage.

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, *November* 12, 1862.

COMPIÈGNE has completely taken the place, under the Empire of Napoleon III., which Versailles formerly filled in the reign of Louis XIV. Much as we have all heard and read of the sumptuous receptions and magnificent entertainments of that period of France's palmy days, it is yet very much to be doubted whether of the actual display of wealth and luxury at the Court of the new dynasty does not quite equal, or even surpass, the so much vaunted hospitalities of the "*Grande Monarque*," handed down to us in the numerous memoirs of the times. There is, perhaps, less of the stately grandeur and dignity of past Royalty in the present Court circle; more of the *laissez aller*, which has become so marked a feature of society during the last forty years, and to which the Empress Eugénie, charming as she is, and adorning as she does the Imperial throne, is known to be so partial. Everyone in the Imperial residence is very much left, save at stated intervals, to the enjoyment of their own time and devices. But in one point all must agree, all must contribute their quota, and that is in the article of dress. On that one point the decree is irrevocable, and all the more so, perhaps, that it is understood rather than pronounced. Two or three, and even as many as four, changes of *toilette* are an imperative necessity, as all ladies admitted to the honour of an invitation to Compiègne well know; and this necessity, joined to the excessive *hore* which dress at the present moment has attained, in some cases where the fortune possessed is not quite equal to the position of the parties concerned, proves a source of no little embarrassment, and makes the honour almost as much dreaded as aspired after. The Empress's prodigality in this respect, and her taste in all matters of dress, are both notorious. It is said that even his Majesty himself, with all the cares of European affairs on his shoulders, and by no means an easily managed set of subjects of his own to keep in order, and good humour, is peculiarly observant in such subjects, and is the first to remark and compliment upon any elegant novelty which the skill of the milliners, or individual taste, may have introduced in the toilettes of his fair guests.

With such incentives to emulate and rival each other, is it wonderful that half the fine ladies of and about the court, are said to be over head and ears in debt? That few of them have any ready money in their purses, and that many, in order to meet the most ordinary necessities of every day life, have recourse to paying in *billets*, otherwise bills at so many days', weeks', or even months' date. Some curious revelations on this subject were made to me only a few days back, by an old French lady of the *ancien régime*, who told me that her *corsetière* had assured her that she had just received from one of these fashionable ladies, a *billet* for ten francs (about 8*s.* 6*d.*) at three months' sight, for repairs of articles furnished by her!

Another change has lately taken place, and is gradually being established in this our modern Vanity Fair. Although female fingers are still employed in manufacturing and putting together articles of toilette, such as dresses, bonnets, *coiffures*, &c, female invention is beginning to be no longer deemed powerful enough to supply the requirements of the present fashions. Manly intelligence and masculine depth of thought is brought to bear on this important and overwhelming subject. A well-known house in this city has, at the head of its immense *ateliers* a vast genius—we must so call it, in this novel branch of art—who invents, designs, and represents, in coloured drawings, the elaborately-ornamented dresses destined to adorn the fair Eugénie and the ladies who form her ordinary society. These dresses are made ready, and tried on by the female associates of the firm, but it is the master spirit who, at the last, is called upon to overlook the effect of the whole, and either give the sanction of his approval, or rectify any error which may have crept in the execution of the great work.

I have rather been led away from actualities (which, however this week offer nothing of any very great interest) by these general reflections and curious facts. The week at Compiègne has been marked by the arrival of fresh visitors, by a stag hunt, in which the noble animal succeeded in baulking his pursuers, and by a shooting expedition, in which a vast number of partridges and hares were not so fortunate, but were massacred *en masse*. The Emperor reviewed the 1st Regiment of Cuirassiers, now stationed at Compiègne, and was accompanied on the occasion by several of the noble foreigners at present on a visit at the Château. Dramatic performances have taken place once a week, and are again to be repeated to-morrow.

Great preparations are being made for the inauguration on Saturday, the 15th inst., of the Boulevard du Prince Eugène. The day being that of St. Eugène in the calendar, and the *fête* of the Empress besides, is to be celebrated by a grand *fête*, and fireworks, and illuminations in the evening. The Court is to come into Paris on that morning, it being the Emperor's intention to inaugurate in person the opening of this gigantic line of Boulevards. This new public thoroughfare is really of majestic appearance, being 3500 yards long by 40 broad, lined on both sides by rows of trees, and cutting its way through the most densely crowded districts of the city, to arrive at the busy quarter of the old Boulevard du Temple. Great bustle prevails, and numbers of workmen are at this moment employed in preparing for the opening, it being intended to get up, provisionally for the occasion, a representation in canvass, plaster, and paint, of all the embellishments, in the shape of statuary, fountains, colonnades, &c., &c., which are, at a future time, to be completed permanently and at leisure. The new line was commenced in 1857, and thus may be said to have been terminated in the short space of five years.

Another great public work, the new grand Opera House, now erecting on a vast scale, is to be seen just rising above its foundations. These latter have been a matter of prodigious difficulty to the architect. The entire Chaussée d'Antin, the quarter of the town where the opera is being built, just opposite the opening of the Rue de la Paix, stands over a sheet of subterranean water, covered over with a solid crust of upwards of seven yards thick, on which the houses are built. The opera might also safely have stood upon it, but for the exigencies of the stage, which require a depth below it of fifteen yards, and this, though the building is raised to a considerable height above the level, necessitates a foundation below the water. For this purpose, four solid walls, resting on iron-shod piles, were erected, and the water was then pumped out; while to prevent damp and injury to the scenes and decorations, the exterior of these walls was again surrounded by a double row of piles, and the interval filled up by a mass of concrete. This herculean labour is now just completed, and the superstructure of the gigantic edifice is rising rapidly.

The aged composer Auber, who has reached his 70th year, has been engaged on a new opera, entitled, "*La Fiancée du Roi de Garbes*." The subject and poem is, we understand, due to the pen of the late M. Scribe, and abounds in fine and dramatic incidents.

The new Theatre Lyrique, which has opened under the direction of M. Carvalho, the husband of the charming singer Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, has been representing the Orphie of Gluck, while rehearsing the new opera of *Ondine*, by M. Seinet. Another opera, in four acts, is shortly to be brought out at the same theatre, called *L'Aventurier*, at which Prince Poniatowski has been working for more than a year, and which, it is expected, will prove very attractive.

This evening is to to take place, at the Theatre de la Gaité, the first representation of a melo-drama, called "Monte Christo," taken from the well-known novel of that name by Alexandre Dumas. This piece was to have been represented in 1848, but its career was cut short by the Revolution of February of that year. The authors or compilers have considerably shortened and modified the drama, of which the representation was to have extended over two evenings, rightly judging that such a programme would not suit the tastes of the present day.

Among the latest arrivals in this country, we see noticed that at Toulon ot the rare and numerous collection of animals presented by the two Kings of Siam to the Emperor. M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire, has gone down to Toulon to receive that portion of the animals bestowed by his Majesty on the Jardin d'Acclimatation of the Bois de Boulogne, of which he is one of the directors.

OUR INSTITUTIONS.

RELIGIOUS, EDUCATIONAL, BENEVOLENT, AND PRUDENTIAL.

THE GOVERNESS! Is there a full-grown, fair-aged lady in this land of England—nay, in our anxiety to have an interrogatory honestly answered, we will even go so far back as to address ladies who were girls at that misty period, when short-skirted, low-necked, high-waisted dresses, and "sandal shoon" were considered the "pink of fashion," and the dresses, beautiful in their bagginess, as perfect in their display of the "mould of form" of the wearer, and liked all the better because the ankles were witnessed in all their symmetry, or the contrary—*not* deeply indebted to the good, painstaking governess, who took the chief part in inculcating that education, the felicity of which she has so long enjoyed; and that refinement of taste and elegance of manners which she can ever see, and indeed knows full well, lift her far above the audacious and contented vulgar of her kind, who so often travesty all taste, and mangle every phrase of proper manners, and the Queen's English to boot? Not one, we are sure, can honestly hurl a positive negative against our query! They would positively be ashamed to do so, it would be so much like sacrilege, for the grass must now grow green over the remains of ladies who were governesses in those far-off days of Bath chairs, and the faded glories of the pump-room. Not one among the well-tutored class of ladies can be angry *now* with the gentle lady who, when books, pen and pencil, paints and paint-brushes, tambour work and knitting, piano, and harpsichord, got sometimes tiresome and distasteful, insisted on a rigid attention to allotted tasks, unless the convenient headache, and dear mamma, always too indulgent of course to her pet lambs, freed the conspiring truant from her profitable toil. Nay, on the contrary, young miss (now, we will suppose, a mother with a happy family of marriageable daughters) is saddened, even at this distance of time from the halcyon days of her youth, at the recollection of the graceless airs she gave herself at governess's imperturbability, determination, and unwearied patience on educational matters, and cannot but feel surprised that she should ever have called her—only there is no doubt about it—that "hard-hearted, odious governess."

The business of the governess is an all-important one, in whatever phase of society she pursues her meritorious functions, and we doubt if, in any of them, she gets back, in substantial gifts of food, lodging, and money, anything like an adequate return for the benefits she confers. No lady can take upon herself the duties of a governess, and discharge them properly, unless she has received a very liberal education, and is gifted with much intelligence, immense patience, and great good nature. No vinegar-tempered female is fit for so onerous a post. The governess must have abundant faith in the goodness and promise of human nature; in brief, she must be a true woman and a perfect Christian. Many well-educated ladies, but who have never been trained for the taking upon themselves of such duties, unexpectedly become tutors simply because the fortunes of their house have suffered a relapse, and it is incumbent that they should earn their bread in some respectable unmenial occupation. The heroism with which some mere girls, perhaps unfortunately only half-educated themselves, enter upon the drudgery of the tutor, is truly admirable. A home—the incidents in which daily teach them the sad difference between it and their own once happy one, and that they are dependent indeed—and very simple raiment to meet their moderate pressing wants; and if a trifle out of the slender stipend can be spared, it is often—always, we might say—handed over to aid a perhaps struggling father, a widowed ailing mother, a consumptive brother, whose health might possibly be restored—happy delusion!—if a trifle could be got together to send him to inhale the balmier breezes of the sea, or to clothe a younger sister about to eat the bread of the stranger, and to earn it. Your vulgar, shabby-genteel, aspiring, cold-hearted families, give their governesses barely the wages of an useful cook-woman, and yet expect her to possess in perfection a combination of the eminent qualities for which Dr. Lardner in science, Dr. Livingstone in travel, Miss Poppa in vocalisation, Mrs. Anderson as a pianist, Sir Edwin Landseer as a painter, George Cruikshank as an etcher, and Taglioni in "light fantastic" toeism, are renowned. People of this calibre marvellously like to trot out their governesses, and display their qualifications, great or small, on their actual field-days, if only to astonish the Joneses, who, not being so up in the world, can't make a boast of such a possession, heedless whether such vainglorious displays wound or not the poor dependent governess to the very quick. They pay little, and exact overmuch. For their paltry stipend they expect a walking encyclopædia, a phenomenon in petticoats, one who can tell you on the instant the name and orbit of the *very* smallest stars, and whether the Beni-Zoug-Zoug Arabs wear nether garments and wash their faces. Higher up the social scale, the governess gets far better treated and better paid, still, as a rule, these ladies are *all* underpaid. If they are well qualified for their posts, years of study must have been consumed, and hundreds of pounds expended, ere they could reach the goal of human perfection, so that they ought not to be obliged to carry their skill to an ungrateful market. The principle of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market is rampant in these days; but cheap education is generally like medicine to children—very nasty. It may be to their parents a triumphant prospering trader a wholesome principle to buy the governess for your children *cheap*, in order that you may get her qualifications, which cost her *dear*, at a merely nominal cost, but depend upon it that, in the long run, you will only get your money's worth—no more. Good pay sweetens toil, and gives the labourer a zest for it. Probably it is only among the higher ranks that the properly qualified governess gets her due. Such an one must be a lady, not only in education, but in manners; and if she answer these needful requirements, the treatment should be generous, and the reward liberal. The lady of the house should dignify the labour, and never go out of her way—indeed, what sort of lady would she be that could?—to exhibit to the labourer that she is only a degree removed above the lady's maid and companion, whose educational knowledge, though she has time and opportunities enough for cultivation, may only be on a par with that of good affable John Thomas, who knows nothing but the exact hour of every meal, yet whose small talk and wit are much relished in the servants' hall. The mother hands over the most important portion of her functions to her governess when she assigns to her the task of educating the heads and hearts of her daughters. As the tree is bent so will it incline. Still it is very rarely that the governess can put much away for that "rainy day" which comes to so many of those who have no other means of subsistence from adolescence to the grave but daily toil. Sometimes the governess is dismissed when the young ladies are, as is now the growing fashion, about to be handed over to an array of masters, all highly skilled in *their* several parts, with as little grace as Bet the scullery girl. But there are many instances where the governess, who has spent the best years of her life in gregarious families of the same ilk, and worked educational wonders with recurring broods of young people, has not gone away, when lapsing into the "sere and yellow leaf," empty handed; many on the contrary blessed and comforted with an allowance made up out of several ladies' purses, who do not forget they were girls and scholars once, and having generous hearts, believe rightly no one has a higher claim on their compassion—we do not like the word charity—than their old governess, now a little wheezy, blear-eyed and shaky, and—sad end to a life spent in imparting knowledge—poor! but who, in the heyday of her strength, chest, and eyesight, opened to them the great arcana of knowledge, and stood by them as its chorus through many a trying year.

On the other hand it is only within the last few years that there has been any recognised status for the instructor of women—probably not more than ten or twelve—so that how little or how much they ought to know was indefinite, chartless, unprescribed. No recognised acquirements save what pleased the employer, no pabulum, no curriculum of study, no credentials from any recognised efficient body, hampered or exalted the probationary period or high-flown perfection of the self-elected, self-lubbed governess. It is no uncommon thing for a man, who has failed in every pursuit in which he has been engaged, to set up at last as a schoolmaster as a *dernier ressort*, and as better than doing nothing, as if the education of youth were no more important and responsible a task than bellows mending. Years have passed away since a title to money aid from the State, so well administered by the Educational Committee of the Privy Council, was made imperatively to consist of high certificated proficiency, requiring seven probationary years of study, on the part of the master or mistress. Until the Queen's College was set on foot (it was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1853), there were no facile means at hand of educating ladies for the office of governess; just as, on the other hand, there was no benevolent fund to which the poor governess could fly for aid and succour when unemployed; no proper lodging-house or home to receive her, no provident bank where she could, as a governess, husband her little savings, or out of which she could get an annuity, should she herself be able to provide the means, or her former pupils, if so desirous, of buying her one of moderate amount, or when "used up," from which she might get a small stipend out of funds provided by the benevolent—until the "Governesses' Benevolent Institution," like the above-named institution, was projected and successfully established in 1843, by the Rev. David Laing, one of the most noble-minded, warm-hearted, transcendental, far-seeing men that ever lived. Alas! he has long slept the sleep of the just; but his memory, and the good deeds associated with it, will live when all engaged in the work he created, and are partaking of its benefits, have passed away. He found a noble coadjutor in his great work in his wife, who lives to behold the progress of an institution, second to none in its sterling usefulness, and which has received an extraordinary amount of well-deserved support from the benevolent, testifying how good an institution it is. Mrs. Laing is the Honorary Secretary, and many noble names are active members of the working ladies' committee; nor must we omit to mention that Mr. C. W. Kingh has ably discharged the active and onerous duties of secretary. We are anxious to depict the exact merits of this institution. Its plan purpose and achievements are so multifarious that one notice will hardly enable us to do justice to it; but we will strive next week to compress a succinct account of its merits within the limits of our weekly dole of "Institutions." J. I. S.

MEDICAL ITEMS.—At the fourth general meeting of the physicians of France, which took place in Paris on the 26th ult., the following facts were elicited:—The number of mutual benefit societies that have joined the central one at Paris is 79, comprised in 65 departments. The total number of members is 4,987; the capital at the disposal of the society, 211,256f.; the amount of donations and legacies received last year by the society was 7,586f. A sum of 6,282f. has been voted this year for the relief of "noble unfortunates" of the medical profession. Dr. Maisonneuve has sent a paper to the Academy of Sciences on the luxation of the lower jaw—an accident which is sometimes produced by inordinate yawning. It is curious that it had not hitherto been found possible to reproduce this accident on a dead subject, while, on the contrary, it is not unfrequent in the living man. Dr. Maisonneuve, however, has not only succeeded in finding the secret of the motion by which the condyles may get out of their cavities, but also the means of bringing them back into their normal position. This consists in gently pressing the chin downwards, and simultaneously exercising a pressure on the tops of the coronoid processes, by introducing the thumbs into the mouth.

A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF MONSIEUR JEAN GRIBOU, EX-HAIRDRESSER AND PERFUMER OF THE RUE DES GOBEMOUCHES, PARIS, AND SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE *Journal Jaune*.

THE DOCUMENT which we are about to offer to the world has reached us in a somewhat peculiar manner. It has been forwarded to us for publication by the landlord of the Hotel des Grenouilles, a well-known establishment in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, much frequented by our friendly allies at all times, and especially so during the entire period of the International Exhibition. It appears that for a considerable part of that period the Hotel des Grenouilles numbered among its inmates Monsieur Jean Gribou, of whom we know little beyond the above description (which we render from the fly-leaf of the note-book), and what we can gather from the intrinsic evidence to be gathered in the note-book itself. That document was discovered by the landlord of the Hotel des Grenouilles in the pocket of a coat which Monsieur Gribou left behind him, presumably on account of its very dilapidated condition. It is a manuscript book of ordinary dimensions, written sometimes in pencil, but generally in ink, and from that circumstance, as well as from the varying shades of the ink and quality of the pens, we feel justified in assuming that it was posted up from day to day, as occasion served. The illustrations which accompany the text are, in the original, somewhat rough and sketchy, so that the artist has had a not inconsiderable amount of trouble in reducing them to intelligible forms.

As the pocket contained nothing besides the note-book, except a cotton print handkerchief (very holey, and much begrimed with snuff), an exceedingly limp and greasy packet of picquet cards, three lumps of sugar, and a clove of garlic; and as an Israelite of some commercial experience in that way declared, upon being consulted on the subject, that the coat "ish not vorth shixpence," the landlord of the Hotel des Grenouilles has not thought it worth while to forward the garment to the Rue des Gobemouches, but after much cogitation upon the subject, and for sundry cogent reasons hereafter alluded to, he has taken the course of "throwing in" the coat with sundry old waistcoats, and dilapidated pantaloons, into a transaction with the before-mentioned Israelite, and of handing the note-book to ourselves for publication—a mode of dealing with it which, considering the desirability of cultivating a proper state of mutual understanding and feeling between the people of the two countries, we do not hesitate to adopt.

We would furthermore add, by way of preface, that Monsieur Jean Gribou appears to us, in very many respects, to be a model Frenchman. He seems to be an excellent type of that great, generous, intelligent, large-hearted, and large-brained *bourgeoisie*, who are at the same time the basis and support of that magnificent fabric which France now offers to the admiration of the civilised world. By his keen insight into our national character, his deep sympathy with our feelings, and by his knowledge of our language, laws, and manners, M. Jean Gribou is a far more striking and satisfactory result of the Anglo-French alliance than that volume of "Sports in the Himalaya" which the *Saturday Review* held up as the work of that well-known Anglo-French officer, M. Jules Gérard, but which turned out to be nothing more than an alliance between a book by an Anglican author named Dunlop and a French translator.

As for the *Journal Jaune* (of which Monsieur Gribou, wearied with commerce and the cultivation of human heads, has become the contributor), it is a publication well known in Paris. It was originated by a certain M. Taquin (a worthy disciple of the school of journalism founded by Finot), for the express purpose of correcting the optimist tendency of the age, and of infusing just that amount of acid into public affairs which is necessary to render them palatable—thus acting, in a sense, the part of the lemon in good punch. The magnificent prospectus, printed upon the best yellow elephant paper—*couleur de bile*, as it is called by the manufacturers—with which it burst forth upon the astonished Parisians, will not readily be forgotten in journalistic circles; nor will the famous opening sentence—"Depuis longtemps on a éprouvé besoin *d'un journal jaune*." It was about the time when he founded that celebrated journal, that M. Taquin married Mlle. Césarine Gribou, the second daughter of the ex-perfumer, whose slender dowry was not without its use in nourishing the infant enterprise. It would appear, from occasional hints recorded in the note-book, that when M. Gribou formed his intention of visiting England during the time of the Exhibition, the crafty Taquin at once offered to engage him as special correspondent to the *Journal Jaune*, with the full intention (as subsequent correspondence plainly discloses) of not paying his worthy father-in-law a single farthing for his letters. To this circumstance may be attributed, first of all, the non-payment of M. Gribou's last weekly bill at the Hotel des Grenouilles, whose hospitable roof he left in a state of equal impecuniosity and indignation at the conduct of his son-in-law, and also the determination of the landlord to make what use he could of the assets left upon his hands. With these few prefatory explanations, we proceed to lay M. Gribou's note-book before our readers.]

THE NOTE-BOOK OF JEAN GRIBOU.

April 1.—My son-in-law, Taquin, and my daughter Césarine, dined with me to-day. I tell them of my intention to go to England to see the Exposition. Taquin asked me to send some letters to the *Journal Jaune:* to which I objected that as I had never been in England before, and did not know much of the language, I might find it difficult to get on there, and to collect observations fit to put into my letters; but Taquin reassured me by observing that what I referred to as deficiencies, were really advantages, for as I did not know anything of England or the English to begin with, I should approach them with an unprejudiced mind. Taquin was to give me fifty francs each for my letters, and I was to write one every week. I to have liberty to draw upon Taquin for the amount.

Friday, April 25th.—Started for England by the railroad to Boulogne. Taquin and Césarine saw me to the station. "Well, good bye, my old cabbage," said T., "take care your letters are *yellow* enough," and with this somewhat irreverent observation, he left me. Césarine handed me, just as the train was about to start, a basket containing a loaf of bread, *saucisson à l'ail*, and a bottle of Pommard. Thoughtful girl! "*Adieu petit papa*," said she, "*nous allons penser à toi quand vous êtes dans la perfide Albion. N'oubliez pas me rapporter, une robe de Spitalfields, et un bon fromage de Chestère.*" That girl thinks of everything. My friend, Jules Pirer, *commis voyageur*, was in the train. He has an agency to exhibit and sell Champagne and Burgundy wines at the Exhibition. He is a young man, very sensible and spiritual, and has been in England before. I shared with him the *saucisson* and the Pommard.

At Boulogne we got on board the steamer. I had never before been farther out to sea than a short sail on a fine day at Dieppe, and I am afraid that both Jules Pirer and myself were, what De Balzac would call, "ignoblement malade." Pirer says that he is convinced that the *mal de mer* is the only real defence of England, and that, if any member of the Académie des Sciences could only discover a remedy upon which our brave Zouaves and Chasseurs could depend, "*ces chiens des Anglais seraient tout-à-fait flanqués.*" He had provided himself with a mixture of creosote, chloroform, and absinthe, but, judging from its effects upon himself, this scarcely proved to be the desired elixir. The *saucisson* and Pommard were *en pure perte*. [M. Gribou here gives a sketch in which a bason largely figures, with which our readers will readily dispense.]

On nearing the white-washed cliffs of Albion, the sea grew calmer, and I could look about me. The face which this country turns towards France is pale, and, as Jules Pirer observes, it is natural it should be so with fear. I must confess that on landing the customs' officers were neither worse nor better than ours in France.



MONSIEUR JEAN GRIBOU IS LOCKED UP.

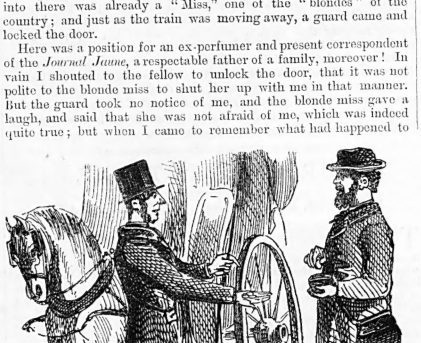
The day when a traveller's baggage could be turned inside out because he did not give an officer a crown or five-franc piece is happily over on both sides of the Channel. On leaving the vessel, we were surrounded by a number of porters, who cried out the names of hotels just as they do in France; but when we got to the hotel we very soon found that we were in England, for we had some bad, weak tea, and some dry, cold mutton, and we had to pay three shillings for it. But the pale ale and the stout (which I had never tasted before) were good, and Pirer made a drink by mixing them, which he called "*Haf-naf*."

It was getting towards evening when we got into the train to go to London. We had been so long over our *haf-naf* that we nearly missed the train, and in the hurry of the moment, I jumped into one carriage and Jules Pirer into another. In the carriage which I got into there was already a "Miss," one of the "blondes" of the country; and just as the train was moving away, a guard came and locked the door.



THE INFLUENCE OF THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.

Here was a position for an ex-perfumer and present correspondent of the *Journal Jaune*, a respectable father of a family, moreover! In vain I shouted to the fellow to unlock the door, that it was not polite to the blonde miss to shut her up with me in that manner. But the guard took no notice of me, and the blonde miss gave a laugh, and said that she was not afraid of me, which was indeed quite true; but when I came to remember what had happened to some who have been shut up in that way, I began to be afraid of her. As I was reflecting on this matter, it occurred to me that in France the traveller is at perfect liberty to open the door and throw himself out on the rails whenever he pleases; but that in England, himself out on the rails whenever he pleases; but that in England, himself out on the melancholy country of suicides, such a liberty would be very dangerous. Jules Pirer afterwards told me that this was the real reason for locking the door; and that once, when the guard of the train to Brighton train had neglected that precaution, it was found, on arriving at the station, that every passenger had committed suicide in this manner.



A LESSON IN CONJUGATING THE VERB "TO PAY."

It was now getting quite dark, and nothing could be seen from the windows. Overcoming my dread of the blonde miss I attempted to engage her in conversation, and I have no doubt that I should very soon have succeeded in making myself very agreeable to her, but for the trifling drawback that she did not understand a word of French, whilst I did not know enough of English to tell her how much I admired her. Shortly, however, the somniferous influence of the British climate began to manifest itself in the most unmistakable manner.

Some indeed may be induced to attribute this to the fatigues of the journey and the influence of the *haf-naf;* but as gallantry forbids us to suppose that the blonde miss had been partaking of that insidious beverage, I repudiate the suggestion, and assert it to have been the natural effect of that fog which covers the fields and fills the brains of every Englishman.

On reaching London Bridge Station I was rejoined by Jules Pirer, who had no particular adventures to narrate. We both got into a Hansom cab, and drove to the Hotel des Grenouilles, where I had already bespoken an apartment. Either the horse which conveyed us was very rapid, or distances are very deceptive in England, for although it did not appear to me to be much more than two miles from London Bridge to Leicester Square, the cabman declared that it was no less than six; so I let Jules Pirer settle the matter with him, and, as I sketched the scene, I took from this dispute my first lesson in conjugating that most important of all English words—the verb *to pay*.

(To be continued.)

THE AYE-AYE.

NOT MANY WEEKS ago Mr. Bartlett, the active and intelligen resident curator of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park might have been seen walking along the streets of Southampton with a box under his arm containing something alive. He was met by a gentleman, who asked him what he had got in the box. "An 'Aye-Aye,'" said Mr. Bartlett. "An 'Aye-Aye?' What in the name of fortune is that? Do you mean to insult me, sir?" "No," said Mr. Bartlett; "but there is an 'Aye-Aye' in my box for all that; I shall miss the London train, if I don't make haste, so please excuse me." The enquirer walked away in a bad humour, declaring that he had just met either a madman or a fool. However, Mr. Bartlett and his box arrived safe in London, and at the last meeting of the Zoological Society, in Hanover-square, he gave an account of his pet. Now of all strange, mysterious-looking brutes, commend me to the "Aye Aye." He (or rather she, for it is a lady) more resembles the demons we see in pictures of the temptation of St. Anthony, or the monsters imagined by the brain of the ancient painters of unearthly horrors, than anything else I can call to mind. She is *something* like a lemur, a monkey, a fox, a bat, a cat with long ears, in fact she is *really* like nothing but what she is, an "Aye Aye."

Of course she has a Latin name. The Romans could never have seen an "Aye-Aye," but for all that she has a Latin name, and she has been christened by the scientifics, therefore, *Cheiromys Madagascariensis*, "Cheiromys" meaning "a mouse (*alias* a Rodent) with a hand;" the other word tells us where he comes from, viz., Madagascar. Mr. Bartlett has been carefully watching and tending his "Cheiromys" since its arrival, and from his paper we glean the following:—

The animal arrived from Madagascar in a very poor and feeble condition, strange to say it had a young one on board ship; it lived only ten days, and when it was dead—well, I suppose the fact must be told—*they threw it overboard*. Comparative anatomists have been in tears ever since.

The disconsolate mother wears the following dress, given her by Dame Nature:—

Her neck is covered with white pointed hair, the skin and throat are white, the eyes are a beautiful dark brown, the lips pink, (think of that ladies), the ears black and hairless, the feet and claws flesh-coloured.

She has a long and bushy tail, and when she sleeps she reclines on one side, and turns the tail over her head and face, making with it a sort of "cacher nez," such as we see in Regent-street for ladies' use in cold weather. She sleeps nearly all day, and receives visitors only at nightfall when she is up and wakeful, to (I should imagine) the great plague of the animals in the cages near to her, for she potters about all night, and gnaws the wood given her for the purpose. She does not mind the light of a bull's-eye lanthorn in the least, and stares at it, with unshut eyes, like an owl at a stable lanthorn. Her fore claws (or hands if you please) are very peculiar; the fingers are exceedingly long and thin, and remind one of the bones of a bat's wing, when all the wing part has been cut away. One of these skeleton-like fingers is much longer than its neighbours, and divers and fierce have been the disputes among the learned relative to its real and actual use. A little observation however is worth a great deal of scientific speculation.

Mr. Bartlett has ascertained that one use at least that the pink-lipped lady makes of her long claw is for toilette purposes, for she has been frequently seen to comb her back hair, *i.e.*, her tail, with it. She also uses it to beautify her eyes, her nose, and her long bat-like ears. When a specimen of this animal was brought over (dead), some time since, it was stated by persons of high authority in such matters that the "Aye Aye" was an insect eater, and that she used this long finger, after the manner of Little Jack Horner, who, as tradition tells us—

Put in his thumb
And pulled out a plumb

from that individual pie in which he happened at that moment to have a finger.

In like manner, the Jack Horner of animals, the "Aye-Aye," was supposed to use its long finger to pick out insects from the holes in the trees, where it delighted to dwell. Mr. Bartlett is of opinion that the "Aye-Aye" does nothing of the kind, and that it does *not* eat insects at all; she turns up her nose at a black-beetle (the principal food of the Birds of Paradise on board ship), and feels sick at the sight of a meal worm—a real delicacy, which no insectivorous animal or bird was ever known to refuse. Insects for the most part are lively and quick-moving things; and the creatures who live on them are also, we find, lively and quick in their motion. Now the "Aye-Aye" is a slow mover; and if her dinner depended on her pace when she is looking for it, she might be said to live on those quick running creatures—snails. That insect must indeed be a fool of an insect who could not get out of the way when he saw the "Aye-Aye" coming to eat him. What then does she eat? She has been tried here in England with all the dainties of the land, from wasp grubs to mealworms. She will have none of them; but she delights in milk, eggs, honey; and in fact any sweet viscid palatable mixture of this kind. Now her front teeth are by no means calculated to catch or eat insects. They are strong, powerful, and wedge-like, and with them she makes famous bitings on the bark of the bits of wood placed in her cage. She is gnawing at the wood a good part of the night; and Mr. Bartlett after a careful series of observations is of opinion that her habits in her native forests are to gnaw the bark of the trees, and to eat the sweet viscid gum that exudes from the holes and cavities, she has gnawed in the branches, for she frequently gnaws out a place, and then shortly returns to examine it as though she expected to have flowed therefrom something edible. Her mode of feeding, moreover, is very peculiar; she uses the left hand only; she folds her fingers together somewhat as we do when about to take up water in the palm of the hand; she then holds her head on one side, her mouth partially opened, and literally spoons the fluid delicacies into her mouth like the people eating maccaroni at Naples.

She is wonderfully silent and quiet, and has never been heard to utter a sound of any kind. She prowls about her cage, in the darkness of the night, like a huge bat, or uncarthly ghoul; and though an ugly thing to look at, and therefore—not therefore I fear likely to be admired by the ladies—is really a most interesting creature to all who delight in the strange and rare productions of Nature.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

Work Table Supplement

VOL. XXXIII.—NO. 829.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862. [OFFICE: 346, STRAND.

THE WEEK'S PATTERNS.

GARIBALDI BODICE—BRAIDING.

(By Mlle. Riego de la Branchardiere, 1, Princes-street, Cavendish-square.)

THE SMALL ENGRAVING in the centre of the needle-work design for this week represents a Bodice when completed, and the larger patterns are for the various parts which form the trimming of it, viz., the Collarette (A), which is pointed in front, the bands being for the shoulders; beneath this is the Front of the Waistband (B), and the straight pattern to the left is also for the front (D), and should connect the point of the Collarette with the Waistband, as indicated by dotted lines. The pattern to the right is half of the Epaulette (C), and the Cuffs are given at the top (E).

All these pieces are drawn the size for an ordinary figure, and the edges being bound with braid, no turnings are necessary.

These Bodices are now so very fashionable that the material has only to be altered to render them suited for either morning or evening wear, if the former, the corsage is of muslin, and the trimmings should be of coloured *piqué* or cambric, the most general being mauve, nankeen, or blue, and the braid of black or white narrow worsted; all the edges of the *piqué* are bound with braid of about half-an-inch in width. For evening wear, soft China silk is much used for the corsage, with trimmings of black velvet braided with white silk braid, or the same colour as the corsage.

In braiding, the two lines which form the design should be worked at the same time, so that they may interlace each other. The pattern must, of course, be drawn on the trimming as usual, the easiest method being to trace it on tissue paper, then place it on the material and braid over it.

WHEN GRANDMAMMA WAS YOUNG.

OUR LITTLE FRIENDS were all impatience to welcome grandmamma one morning at Burnley, and as Mrs. Seymour reined in her pretty grey ponies and stepped out of her light basket-carriage, Arthur and Florence Percy were waiting to receive her, and led her into their mamma's morning room, which opened into a conservatory, brilliant with lovely flowers. Mrs. Percy (who had been ailing for some time) was reclining on a sofa near the open window, from which a pretty view of the river, sparkling in the bright sunshine, might be obtained, and a shade of colour passed over her pallid cheek as Mrs. Seymour entered and made anxious enquiries for her health.

"I am better, thank you, dear mother," she gently replied, "and I can enjoy the feeling of the soft fresh air now, and the sight of the pretty flowers; and if the Indian mail expected to-morrow should bring me good news, giving me some hope of my dear husband's return, I feel that I shall be likely to gain ground more rapidly. Thank you very much for the happy afternoon the children spent with you yesterday. I could almost have wished myself one of the party."

"Indeed, I trust, my dear Isabel," returned Mrs. Seymour, "that you will soon be strong enough to venture into the boat, which would not be very fatiguing for you, and then I shall hope to see you once more at Fairlawn. For the present, you must allow Arthur and Florence to pay me daily visits, and I can then continue to relate to them the history of my early life, which seems to afford them some entertainment."

After sitting an hour or two with Mrs. Percy, during which time the children were amusing themselves elsewhere, Mrs. Seymour observed an expression of languor and fatigue on her daughter's thin, pale countenance, and, leaving her to rest for awhile, went in search of the young folks, whom she found in their play-room, occupying themselves after their own manner. Arthur mounted upon one chair, placed on the top of another, was driving four more, with reins of worsted braid, pretending to keep them in first-rate order by means of a very long and very important-looking whip, with a whistle at one end. This he was sounding with all his might in defiance of the imploring gestures of poor Florence, who was quietly seated at a table cutting out a doll's frock, and having an open book before her. The moment, however, that grandmamma made her appearance, the screeching of the whistle ceased, the whip and reins were thrown aside, the young driver sprang down from his exalted position, Florence left her book and work, and both asked, with anxious faces, "How she thought dear mamma to-day?"

"She is rather better I trust, my dear children," was Mrs. Seymour's reply, "but her cough is still troublesome, and she is easily tired. After dinner, which I see Thomas coming to announce, you shall return with me in the pony-carriage to Fairlawn, as I promised, and we will desire John to come down in the boat for you this evening."

About an hour after dinner, the carriage was brought round, and after feeding the ponies with biscuit, sugar, &c., the children went in to give dear mamma a kiss, and then, having taken their places, grandmamma drove off. They were scarcely seated in the Fairlawn drawing-room—having paid their usual respects to Polly—before Arthur exclaimed, "Now, grandmamma, we are quite ready, please go on with the story you were telling us. You told us you found sea-urchins and mermaid's purses, did you pick up anything else on the beach at Longhampton?"

"Let me think," said Mrs. Seymour, "Yes, I remember Laura and myself being much puzzled and highly entertained with a curious animal, we saw one morning by the sea. I found out afterwards that it was called a 'Hermit Crab.'"

"What sort of a creature can it be, grandmamma? Do tell us," asked Florence.

"One day," replied Mrs. Seymour, "Laura and I had gone down as usual, with nurse, to play on the beach, and as we were digging up the stones and looking for sea-weeds our attention was attracted by a shell containing some live animal. As we looked at it it moved along amongst the pebbles till it came to an empty shell lying on the beach, and, after turning it over and over, it went on again until it reached another shell, which it appeared to inspect in the same manner. At length, after apparently examining three or four, it stopped close to one, and coming out of its own shell, we had just time to see that it was a sort of small crab, with a very long tail, when, to our astonishment, it slipped its tail into the new shell, and, gathering itself up, moved off with its newly-acquired domicile."

"What a funny creature, grandmamma," cried Arthur; "I don't wonder that you and Laura were puzzled at making such a strange acquaintance! And so difficult to please, too, as to its home! Why did it not stay in its own shell?"

"The Hermit Crab, Arthur," returned Mrs. Seymour, "has no shell of its own, but always lives in a deserted one belonging to some other species. Its outer covering, with the exception of that of the claws, is of much softer material than that of crabs generally, and its tail has only a skin over it, so that the Hermit Crab would quickly fall a prey to the stronger animals, had not Nature endowed it with the singular propensity to protect itself by taking refuge in an empty shell."

"Why does it not always remain in the same shell, when it has taken possession of one?" asked Arthur.

"Because," replied Mrs. Seymour, "as it increases in size, it finds its house too small for it, and therefore begins to look about for a more commodious one, which, having found, it settles its tail into, the feet and claws being folded over the mouth. These animals are extremely pugnacious, and occasionally two of them will take a fancy to the same shell, when a terrible fight ensues. Their claws are admirable weapons of warfare, and they make desperate use of them, until at last superior strength carries the day, and the victorious crab walks off triumphantly in its new domicile."

"But how do they manage to keep in the shell, grandmamma," inquired Florence, "if they are not fastened to it in any way?"

"The extremity of the tail," replied Mrs. Seymour, "is furnished with a kind of sucker, which enables the animal to fix itself firmly to the shell it has selected, so you see that, in this respect also, a provision has been made by the great Creator for the comfort and security of even the poor Hermit Crab. But to go on with my story. We had not been more than a week at Longhampton, before we saw preparations beginning for a fair. The booths and shows were just before our windows; and Laura and I were fully occupied in watching all the arrangements, and the arrival of the different wonders that were to be exhibited. First came a caravan, containing, as the inscription on the outside informed us, 'the most remarkable giant ever seen, eight feet high, and beautifully proportioned.' Suspended to the front of his habitation was a baby-house, occupied by a marvellous dwarf, a lady smaller than a child of five years old, yet said to be past thirty years of age. Poor little thing, she was kept all day long in this baby-house, with her hand out of the window, ringing a small silver bell, to attract the notice of the passers-by. Next appeared a house on wheels, in which a glass-blower exercised his art. My father afterwards took us to see this, I remember, and I watched the process with astonishment, as the man drew out the thin threads of melted glass from the flame, and formed them into ships, dogs, stags, and other things. I was especially charmed with a wig he wore, composed of curls made of spun glass."

This pleased the children extremely, and Arthur laughingly suggested that Florence would be much the better of such a head-dress, as in damp weather her hair did not curl so well.

Mrs. Seymour continued, "Then came the gingerbread booths, and we often cast a longing eye at the large gilt gingerbread Kings and Queens, the casks full of spice nuts, and other equally tempting dainties. The toy-stands, too, contained many an object of envy to our young minds, and as we watched the rows of penny trumpets and two-penny drums, we could not help being jealous of the little urchins who paid down their pence so independently, and walked down the town blowing with all their might into these little wooden pipes with a cup at the end, and producing what they, no doubt, considered the finest of martial music! But what we looked at with the greatest delight, not, however, unmixed with a degree of awe, was a large caravan of wild beasts, having on the outside an immense painting on canvas, representing the frightful attack made by a lioness (supposed to be then in the show) upon the Exeter Mail Coach, while on its journey to London a few years before."

"Oh! grandmamma," interrupted Arthur, and his eager eyes lighted up as he spoke; "can you tell us all about that? How dreadful it must have been!"

"I have not a clear recollection of it myself, Arthur," was Mrs. Seymour's answer, "but my father related the circumstance to me, and you shall hear the story as I have it in my note-book." So saying, grandmamma rose from her arm-chair, and with a silver key which always hung on her watch-chain, she opened a cabinet standing on the opposite side of the drawing-room. From one of the drawers she soon produced a small manuscript book, in which, after a few moments' search, she found the notes required, and having carefully relocked the cabinet, she once more sat down, and read as follows:—

"'It was dark night, and the cold autumnal wind swept along Salisbury-plain, and whistled wildly around, as on Sunday, the 20th October, 1816, the Exeter mail wended its long and weary way to London. The passengers, snugly wrapped in cloaks and great coats, had comfortably settled themselves in their respective corners of the coach, hoping to get a few hours sound sleep, in spite of the jolts and jars which might be expected from the rough state of the roads in those days. Little, however, did they think what their awakening would be!

"'The travellers proceeded on their journey without any accident as far as Winterslow Hut, a roadside inn, seven miles from Salisbury, where the coachman had to deliver a mail-bag. He had scarcely pulled up his horses at the house, when, quick as lightning, some fierce animal sprang forward, and with a ferocious growl seized one of the leaders by the throat. The horses now commenced kicking and plunging most violently, so that it was with difficulty the coachman could prevent the vehicle from being overturned. In the midst of this confusion, the affrighted passengers, thus alarmingly aroused from their slumbers, threw themselves from the coach, and, scarce knowing how they fled, rushed into the house, barricading themselves into a room on the upper floor.

"'By this time the coachman and guard of the mail had discovered, by the aid of their lamps, that the fierce assailant of the poor horse was a huge lioness, who, it afterwards appeared, had escaped from a caravan standing by the side of the road, and belonging to a travelling menagerie on its way to Salisbury Fair. The horse fought with his fore feet with desperate fury, and, had he not been embarrassed by his harness, it was considered that he would probably have beaten down the fierce antagonist. In springing at his throat the lioness had fixed his talons of her forepaws on each side of the horse's neck, while her hinder claws were forced into his chest, and as she hung thus the blood was seen to fly from the poor horse as if from a vein to which a lancet, or surgeon's sharp knife, had been applied. His screams and moans of agony are described as most piteous.

"'Seeing the desperate state of matters, the guard raised his loaded pistol (a constant travelling companion in those days), and, aiming at the enraged aggressor, was about to pull the trigger, when the keeper, coming up at that moment, threatened him with instant death, by the same means, did he attempt to injure the lioness. At the same time the keeper set a large mastiff at her, who attacked and seized her in the foot so fiercely that she loosed her hold of the horse and turned upon him. The dog fled, but the lioness pursued him, and finally killed him within forty yards of the spot, after which hearing the voice of her keeper, she ran underneath a granary raised from the ground on very short stone pillars, or *staddles*, as they are called, in some parts of the country. The keeper and his assistants then brought lights to scare her, and make her afraid to move, after which they laid down a sack, and managed to tie her legs together, and pass a rope round her mouth, then having pulled her on to the sack, they dragged it out, and carried back their formidable burthen to the caravan. A fresh horse was soon obtained, and the mail proceeded on its way. But now comes the saddest part of my story. When the passengers made their way into the inn, and barred the door after them, they did not perceive that in their confusion and alarm one unfortunate individual had been shut out. His agony of mind can be well imagined, as with frantic efforts he sought to force an entrance into the house. All his endeavours however proved fruitless, and the lioness, when in pursuit of the dog, brushed passed him with one bound, the weight of her body pressing against his legs as she tore along with a thundering growl. When at length the poor traveller was taken into the house, almost insensible and paralyzed with fear, it was with difficulty that he was restored; but although he did recover sufficiently to write the next day an account of the event, yet his terror had been so great, and the recollection of the fearful position he had been placed in remained so strongly impressed upon his mind, that he soon afterwards sank into a state of profound dejection, and in a few days became quite insane. His case being an entirely hopeless one, he was placed by his friends in the neighbouring lunatic asylum of Laverstock, where he remained for many years, and is said to have died in 1843.'"

"Oh, grandmamma, how very very shocking!" gasped Florence, with a shudder.

"And the horse?" asked Arthur, turning pale as he thought over the fearful scene.

"The horse," returned Mrs. Seymour, "though dreadfully torn and injured, did not die, and I have heard that he was afterwards exhibited in the same menagerie with his ferocious opponent."

"Did you really see the same lioness, grandmamma?" enquired Florence.

"The keeper assured my father that it was the identical animal," said Mrs. Seymour, "and when I saw it, it had a family of young cubs, one of which the keeper put for a moment into my arms, and I can remember stroking and fondling it."

"How large was it, grandmamma?" asked Arthur.

"About the size of a very large cat," replied Mrs. Seymour, "but much more strongly formed, and extremely heavy for its size. The cubs have very large bones, and muscles of great solidity. Their growth is slow, for they do not reach their full size until they are three or four years old."

"I should think they would be nice playfellows, when they are very young," suggested Arthur.

"Rather rough ones, I fear, Arthur," returned his grandmother; "and a pat from even a young one, with its claws protruded, would be rather a serious thing, as the tendons connected with the claw are of wonderful strength. You know, in a cat, the power of the claw is great, and, remember, that lions, tigers, and leopards all belong to the same genus of animals as pussy, viz., the feline, or cat tribe; and you can imagine how much more strongly, in these ferocious creatures, the power of clutching or tearing would be developed. There is another peculiarity about the cat tribe, which in the lion is very destructive, and this is the structure of the tongue. On its surface are situated numberless projections, of conical shape, increasing in size towards the centre of the tongue; the pointed extremities of these are bent in the direction of the throat. The use of this peculiar formation is, that the animal may easily and effectually strip the flesh from the bones of its prey, and thus it rapidly causes the blood to flow. I will tell you an anecdote I have read, which will prove to you the power of the tongue in even a young lion. A gentleman, in India, possessed a tame lion, of which he made a great pet, and which soon attached itself very much to him, and being playful as a kitten, its gambols afforded him considerable amusement. Having one day returned home greatly fatigued, the gentleman fell asleep on a couch, one of his hands hanging over the side of it. His pet came forward to welcome his arrival, and, seeing him asleep, commenced licking his hand as a proof of attachment. Before long a sensation of pain caused him to awake, and to his dismay he found that the rasping tongue of his favourite had stripped the skin from his hand, and caused blood to flow, which the lion was eagerly licking off. At the first attempt to remove his hand from these caresses, the lion gave a deep growl, followed by another, and a fiercer one, repeated each time he tried to put a stop to the unpleasant proceeding. Finding therefore, that his former pet had, by the taste of blood, been suddenly converted into a wild beast, he, with great resolution, slipped from under his pillow, a pistol, which he always kept ready loaded, and firing at the lion, killed it instantly."

"Oh! poor thing! how sorry the gentleman must have been to lose it," exclaimed Arthur, "and in such a sad way too, having to kill it with his own hand."

"It was truly painful to him," added Mrs. Seymour, "but you know one moment's delay might have been fatal, and his life would probably have been sacrificed to his favourite."

"In what part of the world are lions principally found, grandmamma?" asked Arthur.

"Both in Africa and the hot countries of Asia," replied Mrs. Seymour, "but wherever civilization advances, these wild animals are driven out, and although the lion is a native of all parts of southern Africa, yet about the Cape of Good Hope colony, it is now almost unknown. This is owing to its being so easily alarmed by the stratagems employed by man to keep it from his habitation, for it is a well-known fact that even a white handkerchief waving in the wind, or the clatter of two sticks struck together, will frequently serve to ward off the approach of this monarch of the forest."

"What is the usual size of a lion?" enquired Florence.

"I believe," returned Mrs. Seymour, "a full-grown lion, in its native country, is considered to measure about four feet in height, I mean at the shoulder, and eleven in its entire length. The lioness, you know, does not possess the thick, beautiful mane, which makes her partner look so dignified and handsome; she is also a smaller animal, though, in combat, much more to be dreaded than her lord, especially when she has a family of young ones to provide for and defend. Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveller, whose undaunted courage and indomitable resolution, led him through countries which the foot of the white man had never before trodden, gives a most exciting account of an attack made upon a lion by himself and his party of negroes. I see in my note-book a short extract from his work on Africa, containing the description of part of this adventure, which I will read to you, as it also mentions the curious fact of the insensibility to pain produced by the seizure of the carnivora or flesh-eating animals. After describing the attack made upon the lion, Dr. Livingstone goes on to say—'Starting, and looking half-round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing on me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly, close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. While Dr. Livingstone was in this perilous position, one of his Hottentot attendants fired upon the lion, and thus rescued the intrepid traveller, by turning the attack of the enraged beast upon himself."

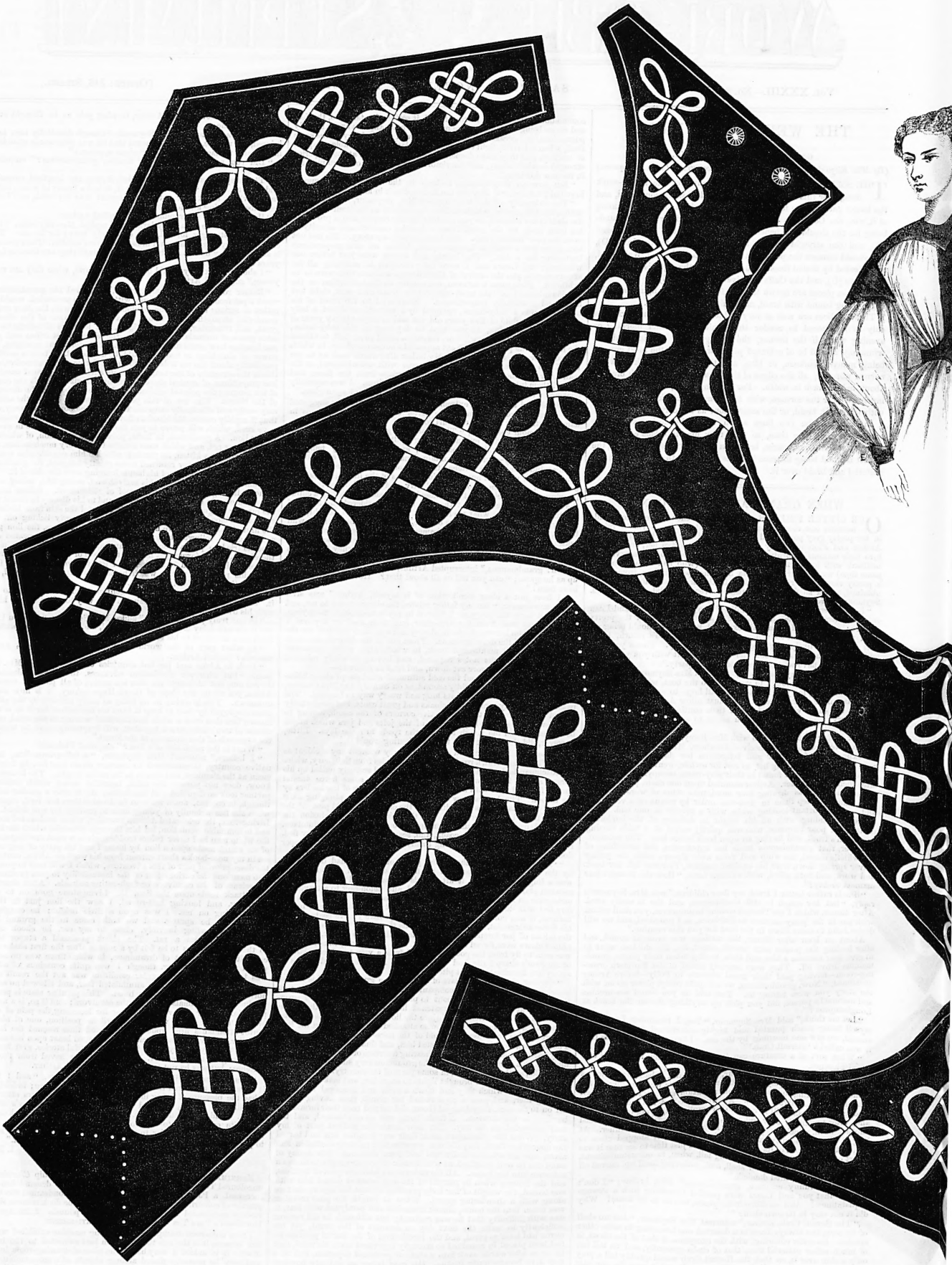
"Oh, thank you very much for these beautiful stories, grandmamma I am so glad that poor Dr. Livingstone was saved from the lion's clutches; but was he not terribly injured?" said Arthur.

"His arm was sadly hurt," replied grandmamma, "and I believe it never fully recovered the effects of the animal's grasp; indeed, when I had the pleasure of being introduced to him, some years afterwards, he still bore on his forehead the mark of his adversary's frightful attack. And now," added Mrs. Seymour, "we have had a long talk and quite enough for to-day, so we will leave the rest of my adventures at Longhampton for to-morrow, as I have begged dear mamma to permit you to be daily visitors at Fairlawn for the present."

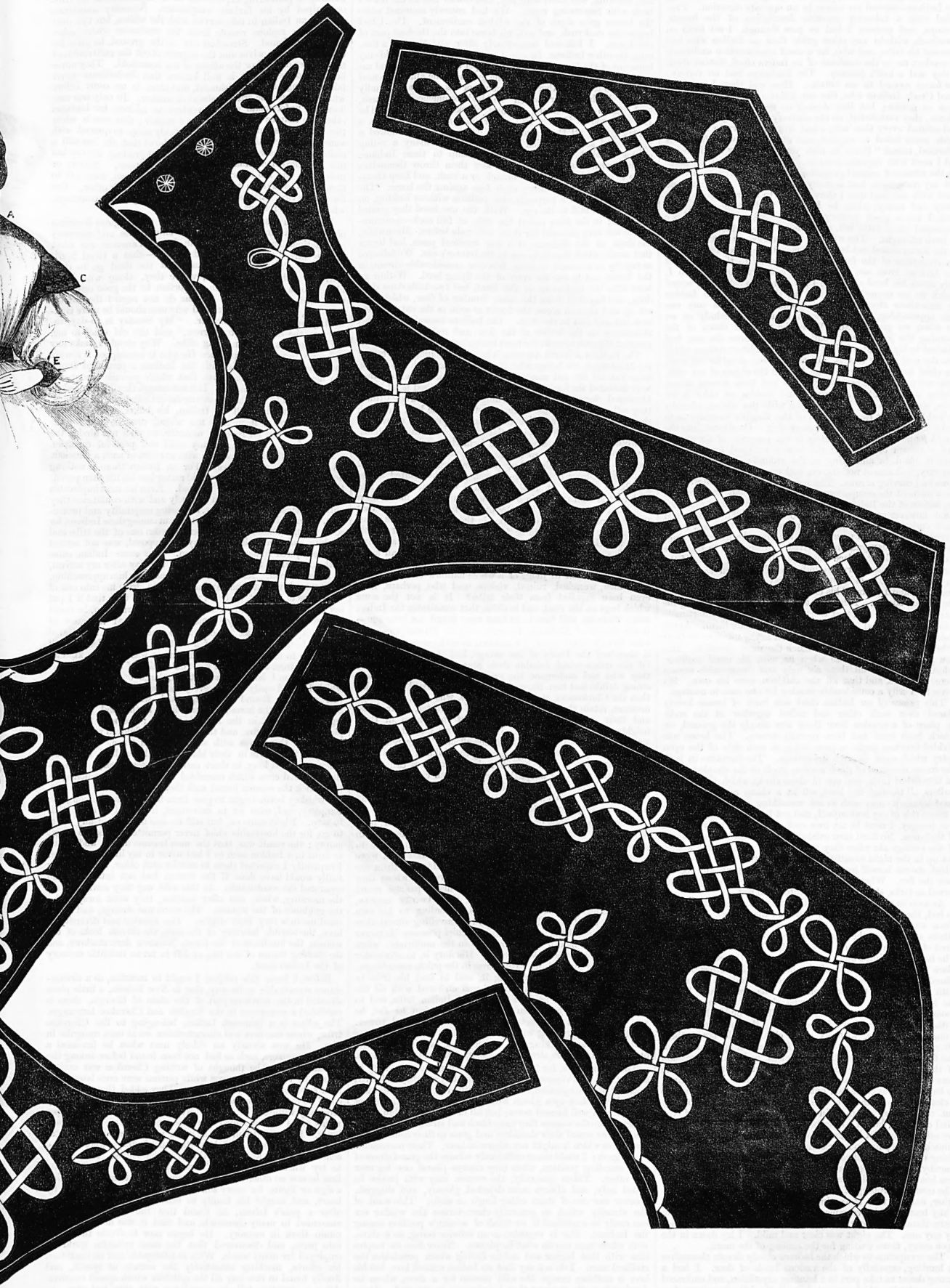
I. M. A.

HORNIMAN and Co. were the first to import, per ship *Cherokee*, pure uncoloured Tea direct from China. Since then the demand has vastly increased, a Parliamentary committee having condemned the Chinese practice of colouring Black and Green Tea. The dock returns show the stock of uncoloured Tea to be over a million pounds. 2,280 Agents sell Horniman's Pure Tea in Packets.—ADVERTISEMENT.

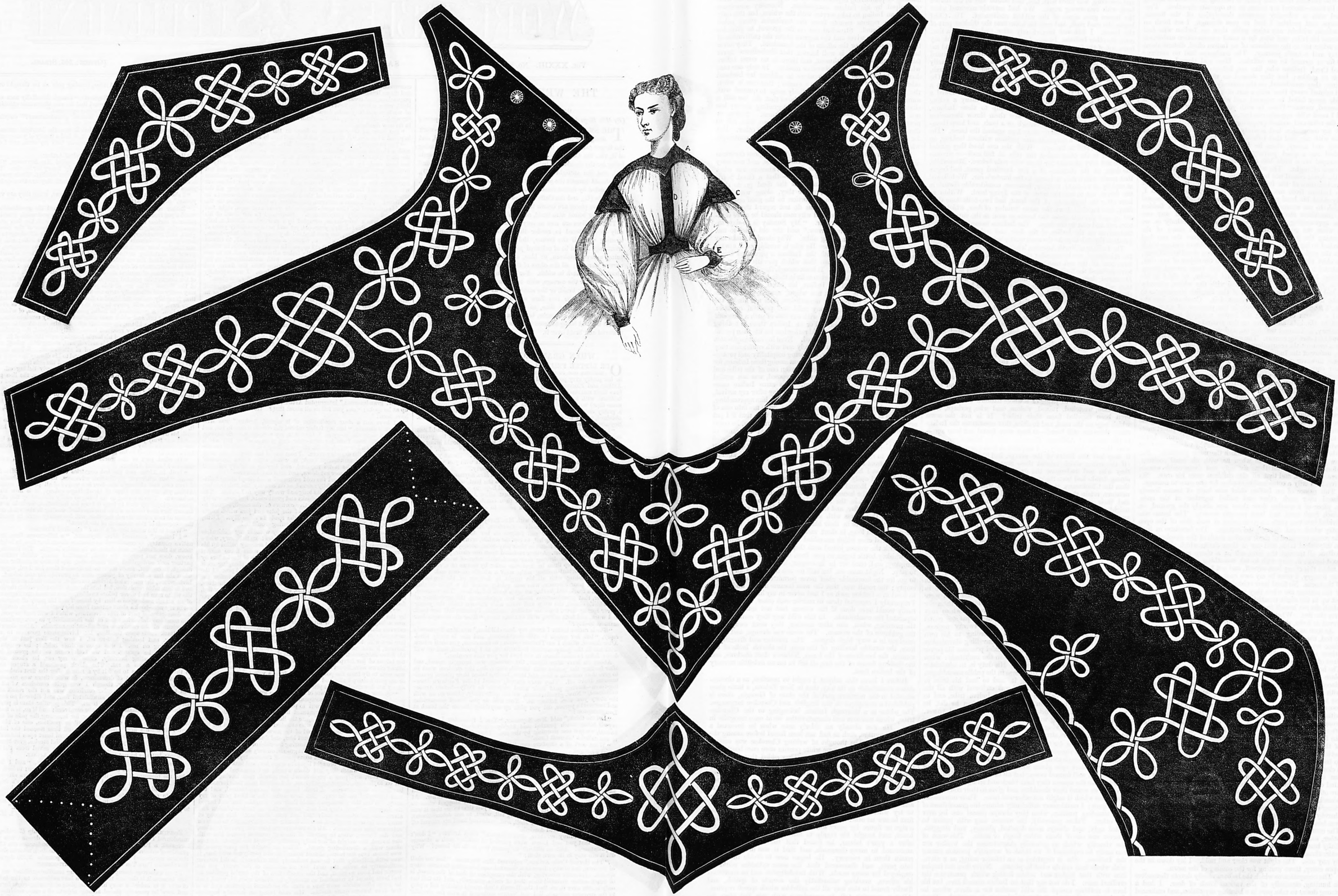
FROM numerous examples of the sewing machine exhibited we select one because it is the one that has been best subjected to the influence of art: it is indeed a very handsome piece of drawing-room furniture, and may be properly placed among objects of a more ambitious character. It is certainly the best of the many candidates for public favour, and is known as the Willcox and Gibbs' sewing machine. Mr. James Willcox, of New York, is the Manufacturer and Patentee, represented in London by the Willcox and Gibbs' Sewing Machine Company, Ludgate-hill.—*Art Journal*, August, 1862.



GARIBALDI BODICE—BR



IDING.—SEE PAGE 9.



GARIBALDI BODICE—BRAIDING.—SEE PAGE 9.

THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

(From the Swedish of Arfwedson.)

AT DAWN the whole house was again in movement. The two travellers continued their way toward the south, and I—who thought from that point of making an excursion among the Indians—steered my course in an opposite direction. Provided with a tolerably accurate description of the forests, swamps, and prairies I had to pass through, I set forth on horseback, without any other guide than an Indian who had deserted his tribe, and who, for a small remuneration undertook to conduct me to the residence of an Indian chief, distant about a day and a-half's journey. The landscape had no variety; the forest seemed to me infinite. Here and there I met scattered Creek Indians who, like me, followed the notches in the trees as guides; but they showed no signs of enmity to the whites; they manifested, on the contrary, a friendly disposition, and saluted every time with a sort of guttural cry to which my guide never failed to respond, and which, as I was afterwards informed, meant "Peace be with you." In only one instance did I meet with opposite conduct. An Indian seized my horse by the reins and seemed preparing to shoot me with an arrow; but my companion had scarcely shown him that I carried no arms with me, and that I thus trusted to the red man's generosity and mercy, when he hastened to loose his hold, and wished me a good journey. When darkness came on we encamped on a little hill, and kindled a fire which continued to burn all night. The wild and melancholy cry of the Indians in the forest ceased not before the morning approached, and the reverberations of the forest deceived me as to the distance of the Indians from me. My guide, more experienced than I, only shook his head each time I asked him to listen to a sound which to me seemed very near. In the usual Indian fashion he sometimes stooped to the ground to hear if any one was approaching, and then went to sleep as calmly as we do when we go to bed. With the welcome dawn of the morning the journey was continued, and before the sun had climbed to his noonday height I reached a solitary cottage which was the goal of my travels. In the doorway stood an old man, the chief himself, who, when he learned the object of my visit, hastened to show me hospitality. He had been several times, during his life, at Washington, and besides, as chief of his tribe, was continually in connection with the whites, whereby he had learned at least so much of the English language as to make himself understood by means of it. Conducted into the hut, I found myself immediately in the presence of six women and a swarm of children; the former wrapped for the most part in blankets and lying on the ground; the latter, on the contrary, had almost nothing on, and were occupied in making bows and carving arrows. The arrival of a stranger interrupted for a moment the occupations of the children, but as there is in the nature of the Indians an instinctive dislike to show astonishment, however great this may really be, the children restrained their curiosity and resumed their work with apparent indifference. The women remained on the ground without moving, as if an every-day guest had arrived. Meanwhile, to reach the room and to take the place which was allotted me, in one of the corners, it was necessary to climb over the women as they lay on the ground; the old man led the way, the women asked no questions, and I followed his example, everything being done in the deepest silence. I thought at first that he was leading me into an hospital, and that those in the hut were unfortunate beings whom he had taken under his care to cure them. As the Indian chiefs are the physicians, as well as the warriors of their tribes, my conjecture was so much the more probable. But how great was my surprise when he, with his usual coolness, informed me that all these six ugly and disagreeable women were his wives, and that all the children were his own. Six wives! Verily a considerable number for one man to manage.

This palace of an Indian chief was built of beams loosely placed over each other and nailed together at the ends. In place of a wooden floor there was simply the ground, on which fresh sand had been recently strewn. The house was divided into two parts—a room being at each side of the open entry which went through the cottage. The furniture in both the rooms consisted of three wooden stools of the simplest kind, an unpolished table, and one of those clocks which the Yankee pedlars, all through the land, sell at a cheap rate. But some good housewife may wish to ask something about the kitchen. I asked this of my host myself, and got for answer that, when I was hungry, I must be my own cook, and kindle a fire outside of the house. No fixed hour existed for meals: all the inhabitants of the cottage ate when they were hungry. One of the women got up in the night to satisfy her hunger with a piece of venison, which she cut herself from the animal as it hung up, and roasted over the fire. When the meal was ended, wherein fingers had served as forks, she returned contentedly to rest.

As soon as night came on, all the inmates of the cottage went to bed, that is to say, they lay down on the ground. No fixed place was allotted to any one; for some lay in clusters, and others away from the rest by themselves. When they were tired of lying in one place, they rolled, half sleeping, to another. The host had pointed out a corner in one of the rooms as my place of rest, and outside of the house, at this corner, he had placed a torch of resinous wood in the ground. I know not with what object this was done; but the circumstance helped me to contemplate the beings who, sleeping, lay in the same room as I. Nearest me rested eight children huddled together, without any distinction of the sexes. Beyond, two of the women were visible, with six other children who lay on them after the fashion of cross-beams. The remaining members of the family, with the old chieftain himself, had taken possession of the other room where, in the course of the night, a strife between two of the women arose, which threatened, for a time, to be of a serious character, but which was brought quickly to a close by a single shout of the old chieftain, roused into fury out of his deep sleep. In my apartment no scene of the kind occurred; but in a chamber where there are children, there are other things not less annoying. One of the children amused himself by keeping up a shrieking music, from the setting to the rising of the sun; and as the mother, from habit, was not waked thereby, the shrieking went on unhindered till the little musician was hoarse and tired. But this discomfort was not the only one. The continual rolling of the children to and fro produced another, namely, that of coming into too close quarters with the filthy brats. This overcame my patience, and compelled me to retire through the door. I was not, however, seen or questioned by any one. The night was clear and mild. I lay down in the open entry, there waiting for the coming of the morn.

The occupation to which the Indians chiefly devote themselves is hunting, especially of the various kinds of deer. I had a strong desire to take part in a hunting expedition, and embraced the opportunity which presented itself the following day, when the Chief, with four other Indians, set out for the chase. Furnished with rifles, we all mounted our horses; some of the Indians had a kind of spear, which they managed with an ease and skill that would have excited the admiration of a General of Cossacks. The horses are small, but spirited, and it is difficult to restrain them when once they are set in movement. Commonly Indians ride without a saddle, but the old Chief had provided himself with something that looked like one. This was a frame of wood, which, in the absence of proper stuffing and covering, was filled with hay, and bound fast to the horse's back with two strong ropes. We had scarcely mounted when the horses gave signs of the wildest excitement. The Chief began the mad rush, and rode his horse into the thickest part of the forest. I followed immediately after, and then, in a line, came the other Indians. In vain I tried several times to guide my horse out of the first track, and to compel the Indians behind me to spread themselves more over the ground; the animal seemed to have no feeling, either in his mouth or his sides, and blindly continued the career which he had commenced. Marsh, bush, fallen tree, stream, nothing checked his course. The Indians rode as if they had never been anywhere but on a horse's back: all their movements were easy, and showed a vigour and security which must have forced many a riding master to allot the palm in horsemanship to these Indians. Though without stirrups, I often saw them throw themselves quite to one side to avoid a branch or a bush, and keep themselves on by merely pressing their legs against the horse. The body they kept in a perpendicular position without looking, on that account, stiff to the eye. With the one hand they guided the reins; in the other rested the rifle at full cock—a circumstance not very pleasant for those who rode before. Meanwhile, the dogs, at the distance of a few hundred paces, had begun that music which is so welcome to the hunter's ear. We followed as rapidly as we could, making, however, considerable circuits in the forest, not to lose the trace of the flying herd. Within an hour after the beginning of the hunt, had two balls done their duty, and knocked down the same number of deer, which were cut up and thrown across the horses as soon as the entrails were torn out and cast to the dogs. The Indians immediately placed themselves on the bodies of the deer, and rode home with the greatest dispatch to make the meat tender before they began to eat.

The Indians of North America, who are still found to the east of the Mississippi, are beings who, through contact with the whites, have lost all the red man's virtues, at the same time that they have imitated the frailties and vices of their civilised neighbours. Devoured, destroyed by the burning passion for strong drinks, they sell, when under the influence of these, the land for which their fathers fought, and live only for the pleasure of passing their time in a ceaseless and bestial trance. The same Indians, at whose mere name the white man formerly trembled, and who never appeared without spreading destruction or death around them, now exeite nothing but pity, and beg instead of commanding. Many a European traveller in the United States goes home with the impression which a drunken Indian, met with on the high road or in some newly-built town, makes upon him, and is conducted thereby to the false conclusion that Indians, such as they are described in the older narratives about America, are no longer to be found, and that they all resemble those wretched objects of human pity I have just been speaking of. This notion, general as no doubt it is, does not at all agree with my observations respecting those few Indians who still remain. Is it fair to judge of a whole nation's character from a few men, wretched, ruined, vicious, and who, perhaps, have even been expelled from their tribe? It is not the scum which begs on the road, and in cities, that constitutes the Indian race; there are still found—at least were found not long ago—in the forests of Alabama, Georgia, and the Mississippi,—men who, though bloodthirsty, yet inspired us with respect, and who, if they had the faults of the savage, had likewise his virtues. Of the tribes which inhabit these States, the Choctaws were they who had undergone the greatest change, and to whom strong drinks had been the most fatal: then followed the Creeks, then the Chickasaws, then the Cherokees, who still, in a large measure, retain their former features of character, their dress, and their customs. The settlement of the whites in their neighbourhood had begun to produce, here and there, even amongst the Cherokees, a disastrous effect. There remained, therefore, only one mode of preserving the children of the forest from immediate murder by what they themselves call "fire-water," and that they adopted: they fled from civilisation, and concealed themselves in the uninhabited tracts to the west of the Mississippi. This flight was accomplished in the year 1833 and in the early part of 1834.

Every tribe has one or more chiefs who, by their valour, have acquired for themselves authority and esteem. They are in general eminently handsome men, with something majestic in their look, and noble in their gait, and are dressed with more taste and luxury than the other Indians. Many of them are very rich, and possess even a number of slaves, in whom they drive a trade, and who cultivate the small maize patches round their wigwams. My host had more than twenty negroes, besides numerous young blacks who, according to his own statement, could be sold some day to the travelling slavedealers for seven or eight thousand dollars. A chief possesses his power only so long as he can inspire respect in the multitude: when this is lost, his life is no longer safe. His duty is, to administer justice among his subjects, to discourse in the public assemblages, to give counsel to those requiring it, and to lead his tribe in war. The old chief whom I visited was endowed with all the qualities necessary to produce effect in an Indian tribe, and to keep it in order: he seldom discoursed, but when he did, he was distinguished for conciseness, point, and oratorical power. He never said anything without employing a simile, which was both poetical and striking, and which was drawn from the most obvious objects, rivers, streams, forests, stars, the sun and the moon.

The Indians are, for the most part, well-made men, lofty in stature, and with vigorous limbs. Inaccurately are they called red men, for their complexion, so far from being red, is copper-brown. Their large black eyes gleam with fire; few of them have not straight and well formed noses; but all of them have high cheek bones. Like the women they have black and straight hair, which freely flows round their shoulders and gives to their countenance a wildness which it might not otherwise have. Their movements are elegant; I could never sufficiently admire the gracefulness of their standing position, when they always placed one leg over the other. Taken generally, the women may with justice be called ugly, and always seem dejected, gloomy, and sluggish. I never saw one of them either laugh or smile. This want of the vivacity which so generally characterises the weaker sex can easily be explained if we think of woman's position among the Indians. She is regarded as an inferior being, as a slave, with whom man can do what he pleases. Never does she inspire him with that higher and nobler feeling which penetrates the civilised man. I do not say that an Indian cannot love, but his love is nothing except the wild passion for a slave, whom he despises from the moment that his pleasure is satisfied. There is no limit to the number of wives except the power to maintain them; parents give away their daughters to the first who is willing to have them, without asking whether the feelings of the daughters agree with the choice. Marriage ceremonies are never thought of; as soon as the bride enters the bridegroom's house she is regarded as his wife, and from that moment she is likewise his slave. The Indian regards it as degrading to work, even if a beggar's staff be his lot; this thought is so powerful over him that if he occupies himself with anything else than hunting or plundering expeditions he is expelled from his tribe or scalped by his furious companions. Necessity sometimes compels an Indian to take service with the whites, but this only happens in regions remote from the territories where other Indians are found. Stretched out on the ground, he gives his commands to the wives and the negroes about the cultivation of the patches of land or the affairs of the household. They never hesitate to obey, for it is well known that disobedience never fails to bring bloody punishment, and there is no court before which to accuse the cruel husband or master. In only one case does the unfortunate woman venture to address her husband otherwise than as a slave addresses a master; that case is when the husband is intoxicated and foolishly seeks to quarrel with some one. Here the illused woman shows that she has still a claim to the husband's respect, and that degrading slavery has not quenched her innate affection and softness. Seldom or never does she fail to separate the drunken men, who, left to themselves, would be almost sure to murder each other. But for this service, what is her reward? Contempt, only contempt, when the man returns to his senses.

I often conversed with my host about the religious doctrines of the Indians, in order to obtain a clearer idea and necessary explanations, but all I could glean from his answers was what I knew already about the Indian creed—that a Good Spirit rules over the whole world, and that the dead go to their heavenly fathers in the west, where they, along with other blessed souls, enjoy felicity in proportion to the good or evil of their deeds on earth, The Indians do not regard the Sunday as sacred, and cannot understand why men should be more God-fearing one day than another. "My Sunday is to-day, to-morrow, the day after to-morrow," said the old chief to me. "The sun rises every morning alike. Why should I make any difference in my worship, since He who is worshipped is always the same?" Revenge is with the Indians a permitted thing. No fiercer vindictiveness than that which prevails among the Indians have I ever known. It is not enough that blood must be atoned for by blood. They go even so far in their desire for revenge, that if a white man kill an Indian, his blood, or the blood of some other man, it matters not whom, must be shed for the crime. This lust for revenge, nevertheless, does not hinder the Indians from possessing many mild and peaceful qualities, which it is difficult to reconcile with our idea of such a ferocious tendency in the same person. For an Indian there is nothing holier than hospitality. He would rather lose his life than permit the laws of hospitality to be violated. Even his most implacable foes find a refuge with him if, freely and with confidence they entrust themselves to his power, imploring hospitality and protection. I arrived at an unfortunate moment among these Indians, for some misunderstanding had arisen between one of the tribe and a white emigrant, which, as may be supposed, was not settled to the injured Indian's satisfaction. This same Indian came with some others to the chief's abode, the day after my arrival, in the afternoon. As soon as the old man saw him approaching, he hastened, with a commanding voice, to drive me into one of the rooms of the hut, and told me at the same time that if I put my foot outside the door before he gave me permission, he could not answer for my safety. I afterwards learned the cause of the unexpected advice, which was no other than that he feared lest the Indian, at the sight of a white skin, should feel himself stirred on to revenge. My imprisonment was not of a kind to hinder me from seeing what went on outside of the house. The walls had, as I have already stated, large openings, through which I could easily follow every movement of those who had just arrived. Round the fire, which was kept perpetually burning before the house, they sat down in the sand, with their legs under them, in the Turkish fashion; the men took their places nearest the fire, and the women and children were obliged to content themselves with sitting behind them, where they wrapped themselves in their blankets, and trembled with cold. They conversed long, in short and broken sentences, and sometimes uttered cries which resembled the neighing of a horse; in this shriek the women joined with their shriller voices. At last, the whiskey bottle began to pass from hand to hand among the company, and, once set in movement, it showed no disposition to stop. Night came on, but still no one manifested any desire to go, for the hospitable chief never permitted the bottle to get empty; the result was, that the men became drunk, and began to howl in a fashion such as I had never in my life heard before. Frequently I expected them to murder each other, and this they really would have done if the women had not interfered and separated the combatants. In this wild way they continued till the morning, when, one after another, they went away under the guidance of the women. The scene was strange, and interested me in a very high degree. The number and diversity of hues, the terrible howling of the men, the slavish looks of the women, the loneliness of the forest, Nature's dark shadows, and the flashing flames of the fire, all left in me an indelible memory of the Indian feast.

Before I leave this subject I ought to mention, as a circumstance remarkable in its way, that in New Echota, a little place situated in the northern part of the state of Georgia, there is published a newspaper in the English and Cherokee languages. The editor is a thorough Indian, belonging to the Cherokee tribe, whose manners and characteristics we at once recognise in him. He was already an elderly man when he invented a written language, such as had not been found before among the Indian tribes. The thought of writing Cherokee was excited in him by the fact that some white persons were once boasting of their superiority over the Indians. They added that the whites could do much which the Indians were unable to perform. They especially vaunted that the whites could put a discourse on paper which could be understood by all men, even in the most distant lands. It annoyed him that he could not contradict this, or at least that he could not show that the Indians were able to achieve the same astonishing things as the whites. He resolved to try whether what he so much desired were possible. At first he saw no other means of accomplishing it than by creating a sign or figure for every sound which he himself learned by heart, and taught his family to learn and to recollect. But after a year's labour, he found that the number of signs amounted to many thousands, and that it was not possible to retain them in memory. He began now to divide the words into parts, and discovered that the same syllables could be employed for many words. With indefatigable zeal he continued his efforts, marking attentively the sounds of speech, and finally found in this way all the syllables which speech requires. After a month's toil, in accordance with this last plan, he diminished the number of sounds to eighty-five, of which the language at present consists. He wrote the signs at first in sand, then cut them in wood, then at last printed them, such as they now appear in the *Cherokee Phœnix*.

RURAL ECONOMY.

FORCING THE VIOLET AND THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

THESE TWO SUBJECTS contain so many elements of beauty, they are so eminently and deservedly ladies' favourites, that it would not be either inappropriate or difficult to invoke the Muse of Poetry, solicit her aid, and thus enable us to sound aloud their qualities in the harmonious perfection of metre and language. This raw, muggy, dismally dreary, November morning, however, effectually wards off the slightest approach of the gentle goddess. It is but in very prosy prose that we can attempt to do anything, and our imagination, though chilled, must draw up all the bright and beautiful pictures of what these flowers are at their best. We leave our readers to do the same office for themselves; and begin at once to say how they are to be forced, so as to come a month or two before their natural season. In commencing these papers on forcing, we may as well give a word or two on some of the most important duties thereof; as if one or two points be neglected, loss of plants (and temper also) will be the inevitable consequence. Forcing, in its broad sense, is compelling culinary vegetables to be edible, flowers to bloom, and fruits to ripen at unnatural seasons; and though, with one or two exceptions, no forced production can equal a natural one, yet so great is the demand for scarce, novel, out-of-season things, that the amount of forced produce becomes greater every year. If we were to quote some of the statistics of Covent-garden market on this subject, we should make many open their eyes. The two things that are most fruitful in failures in forcing are haste and heat. That fidgetty impatience that cannot do things gently and by degrees, but takes a plant out of a cold house of 45 deg., and puts into one of 75 deg., without any intermediate change or rest, and no matter what the natural habit of the plant may be, giving all one and the same treatment. Let us take our first subject as an illustration. We have known people, possessing a pot or two of violets, take them out of the greenhouse, where the thermometer only registered 45 to 50 deg., and put them into their forcing-house, where the minimum heat was 70 to 75 deg. Is it at all to be wondered at that the plants should impulsively put forth a very pale-looking leaf or two, and then gradually sink back exhausted with even this exertion. Now the violet is naturally a hedge-row plant, and therefore its forcing must bear a close resemblance to these peculiarities. The treatment is slightly modified from the natural arrangement, in order that they may be fully under control, and flower at that season which is most desired. Their culture begins in April, or the beginning of May, when runners ought to be planted out on a north border—attention to cleaning, and keeping free from runners through the summer; by the end of September they should be lifted in tufts, with all their accompanying soil, and planted almost as thick as they will stand in a brick pit without artificial heat. They will require about one thorough good watering, and the chief requisites during winter will be a perfect immunity from frost, and a watchful eye to damp. The former may be secured by a thick covering all over the frame, and down the sides in frosty weather; according to the intensity of the frost, so must be the thickness of the covering. And be it remembered that if a long frost ensue, the covering must remain till the storm is over, except an occasional turning over, or rather a lightening of the top covering, thus preventing, by admitting air, the frost from penetrating to the glass. The latter is only attainable by the most careful and pains-taking attention. Be careful who carries the watering pot; and do not be alarmed if the violets seem to be blossoming through a dry and husky soil; they are all right depend upon it. One more point to be noticed is ventilation; nothing requires it more than the violet. On all occasions let the lights be pulled off entirely during the day time, always provided it neither freezes nor rains.

The lily of the valley needs a more spirited handling and treatment; it is not so early a bloomer even under the best management. Indeed we are not quite sure that the best and most skilful treatment of these is not a very slow one. Witness the magnificent pans of lily of the valley exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's first meeting at South Kensington from the society's own garden. They were quite the "sensation" plants of the show. For any kind of forcing, strong, full crowns are indispensable, and these must be sought from those beds that have been under high culture during two years. The roots may be taken up in the end of October, and sorted, selecting the thick buds, with their roots as entire as possible, reserving the smaller for succession. The strong roots are then planted in pots as thickly as possible, and plunged overhead in cinder ashes, to be removed to heat as required. A heat that would be considered moderate is the healthiest for them, say from 60 to 70 degs. maximum, for bottom heat, and an air heat of 50 to 55 degs. or thereabouts. If the top heat is higher, they are apt to draw and come spindly. The pots should be plunged overhead in old tan, or any other light material except sawdust, until the stems are well through the soil, then the surface covering should be removed, in order to stiffen the shoots. But here we must give one most stringent and necessary caution: the shoots must not be exposed to the light suddenly. When first removed from the covering, their stems will be whitish, and it will require a week, or perhaps more, according to the intensity of the light, to inure them. This must be done very gradually, else the shoots will suffer; afterwards, any place in the greenhouse will do that is light enough—a shelf near the glass the best place. A little bottom heat you will see is essential; and these, in contradistinction to the violet, must be kept moist always. They abhor drought. Given all these conditions, and the flowering of these favourites is certain.

WHEAT CULTIVATION.

AMONGST our many rural occupations at the present season that of wheat sowing takes the first place in the operations of the field. In the southern counties we have the young plant in a forward state, whilst in a more northern latitude the preparation of the soil for the seed is progressing. One season is more favourable than another for this important operation. This year's experience of wheat sowing weather has neither been one of the best nor one of the worst. There is a degree of moisture wanted when the fields of clover or seeds are worked, which is requisite for the performance of the work in a husbandman-like manner. The process of cultivation is carried on more effectually, and the operation of ploughing conducted at less expense.

Of the 5,500,000 acres that are estimated to yield wheat in the United Kingdom, we may be prepared to expect a variety of soils possessed of their various properties, on which this plant is cultivated. The cultivator of wheat contends with impediments arising from soil and climate. Wheat will grow on the majority of our soils in the United Kingdom, where the climate will permit. But it is cultivated as a cereal crop with the greatest success on our argillaceous class of soils, which are divided into two orders; the first wholly destitute of lime, the second containing less than five per cent. of that earth. Wet weather to a certain extent, is not against the operation of sowing wheat; provided the footprints of the horses and the seed can be effectually covered. The period of sowing may extend from September to Christmas. Those crops that prepare the soil for wheat are clover, turnips, beans, and peas. Potatoes and mangold wurzel are suited also, to leave the land in a favourable state of cultivation for the wheat plant. There are many improvements in the methods employed for cultivating this cereal; but the chief of all these may be pronounced to be the manner of sowing it by the sowing machine.



BARR AND SUGDEN'S FLOWER BASKET.

Distributing the seed in the regular way, and according to the quantity per acre, are achievements of very great importance in husbandry. The principles on which these sowing-machines are constructed render them true and efficient in the performance of the operation. From the axle of the wheels on which the whole frame-work is supported, motion is communicated to a spindle which passes horizontally through the seed-box; on this spindle are fixed wheels with small spoons that lift the seed out of the box and drop it into funnels constructed to carry it down to the soil.



BARR AND SUGDEN'S HANGING FLOWER BASKETS.

In the system of clay-farming pursued in the eastern counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, we find the width of the lands adapted to the size of the drill, so that the horses in drilling, harrowing and rolling, walk in the furrows without trampling the soil. On light chalky soils, Crosskill's presser is used for sowing at the same time the operation of ploughing is going on.

The questions as to the best varieties of wheat, and the requisite quality of seed, are still undecided. Without entering into the qualities of those kinds more recently brought before the public, we can speak, with confidence, of the yielding properties of the following kinds, as grown after roots or leguminous crops. Brodie's Bristol Red, Creeping, Cluster, Clover's, Dantzic, Egyptian Mummy, Fenton, Holderness White-Chaff, Hunter's Red-Chaffed White, London Red, Marigold, Piper's Thick Set, Spaldings, Talavera.

There are still conflicting opinions about thick and thin sowing of wheat. The tillering properties of almost all our varieties have induced not a few, who are disciples of the late Jethro Tull, to form the opinion that our present system of cultivation of wheat does not sufficiently recognise the advantage of thin sowing. While the majority of our wheat growers are in favour of thick sowing, such majority are not to be considered as ignoring the tillering qualities of the plant, but rather to have been controlled in their adoption of the theory by a variety of circumstances connected with the subject. Spring wheat tillers worse than a corresponding kind of winter wheat, and on that account requires from one half to three-fourths of a bushel more of seed per acre; and any kind of winter wheat, when sown early, requires less seed than when sown late; and when sown after summer fallow, requires less than when sown after potatoes; and when sown after potatoes, requires less than after seeds.

In selecting seed for wheat, it is desirable to obtain newly-thrashed grain, the produce of the same year. The quality of the corn is improved by a change of seed from the loamy to the calcareous soils. It has long been the custom to pickle wheat before sowing it, the object being to destroy all spores of the fungus which may be attached to the seed berry. A disease, known by the name of black-ball, and injurious to the following crop, is averted by the use of this solution, consisting of 1½lb. of blue vitriol dissolved in two gallons of hot water, and after being allowed to cool, applied to one quarter of wheat.

The present season, so far as it has gone, may be called a favourable seed-time. Heavy rains have retarded the progress of the operation of sowing beyond former seasons; but the rapid process of drying the fields, by the late heavy gales, has done good service to the cultivator of that plant which is our "staff of life."

BARR & SUGDEN'S PAXTON DRAWING-ROOM AND CONSERVATORY HANGING AND OTHER BASKETS.

THE USES OF THESE BASKETS for the cultivation of Autumn and Winter Flowers are so obvious, and their beauty so apparent by the aid of our illustrations, that any additional comment is rendered unnecessary.

"PEREGRINE" TO COUSIN KATIE.

New Series, No. I.—The Insides of Houses.

DEAR KATIE,—Surely one of the most absurd things in the world is for people to spend most of their money in show, and very little of it in comfort. I like creature-comforts in a measure, though I don't care to coddle. If I were asked what I considered the most comfortable thing in life—strictly the most "comfortable"—I think I should answer thus:—Let it be premised that there has been a long day's shooting in winter; that, though the sun has been bright, the air has been very frosty; that towards evening a little sharp sleet came down, which, melting upon one's nose, yet froze upon one's beard; that hands and feet were both cold, but that the sport had been very good; let these things be over. Behold me—the toilet, itself a comfort, completed—seated with my wife and three friends, companions of the day, at a table on which there has been some excellent soup and fish, and on which now there is a saddle of mutton (I don't care to-day much for the chickens at the other end); the mutton has been kept a very considerable time, but is now fast vanishing before four hungry men, and one less hungry woman. The currant jelly is very clear; the claret (I like claret with mutton or venison) is not "that at 14s.;" there is a good deal of light in the room, but not on the table, where it would be dazzling; the fire is nearly half wood, and its blaze is bright and hot. We say, "How cold it has been, yet how well the partridges lay for the time of year, as we were crossing the fields to that very good covert; how lucky we were to get that fifth woodcock, later on; and there was by no means a bad show of pheasants, considering this is not a corn country, was there?" "No; I don't think I will take any game, thanks; the mutton was so excellent; but there's some kind of light pudding there, with marmalade at the top; just the thing."

Now, there is something a little odd here. I don't think that any one will be very much disgusted with me, a man, for confessing at once that I am very fond of a thoroughly comfortable little dinner like this, and a glass of good wine. A well-kept saddle of mutton gives me very great pleasure. As Dr. Johnson (I think) said emphatically, so say I—"Sir, I *like* to dine." I really do not like cold meat, or underdone chicken; neither do I approve of *vin ordinaire*. But if you, though you might have had a hard day's skating, were to say all this, I fancy people would not like it; nay, I confess that I should not quite like it myself. I uncommonly like to see you make a good dinner, my child, and drink a glass of wine with it; but I should think you were acting the part of somebody else, and not naturally taking the "old, original" character of Katie, were you to lecture, as I do, upon the flavour of the mutton, the delicate lightness of the pudding, and the aroma of the wine. Indeed, I am not quite sure whether one could not conceive, as *possible*, a dislike (though I have certainly never entertained it) to seeing a very pretty lady-like girl *eating at all!!*—eating would destroy the notion, I suppose, that she is an angel. I remember, at Cambridge, a very pretty girl indeed; a daughter of one of the cooks: some one exclaimed in real rapture, "That girl is simply angelic!" "Is she indeed?" said his neighbour; "ah! you should just see her pitch into cold beef and pickles!" What a death to all sentiment! A hungry angel dipping her meat into vinegar and mustard, and, in all probability, eating onions! It was a rough hand that pulled the gentleman down from the clouds to the every-day notions of common life.

But this is apart. Granted that a girl may eat, poor thing, why should not she say that she likes eating? Why may not she "like to dine," and *say* so? Of course when a man becomes utterly a gourmand, he is half despised; but a woman would be, perhaps, wholly despised were she to appear with only half the man's right to the title. Why may a man with whom you are staying, or who is staying with you, eat a trifle more than is good for him, and take a liberal allowance of wine with his dinner, and a third of a bottle afterwards, and show that he fully appreciates the whole thing; and yet, for all this, have no addition of any kind attached to his character—except indeed, that he is peculiarly welcome as a guest, and peculiarly desirable as a host; while a woman who should drink a quarter of the quantity of champagne that Lady Hamilton drank, or, indeed, seem to care very seriously about what she ate and drank at all, would be looked upon, if not as "earthly, sensual," and the reverse of heavenly, at least as a person shockingly wanting in tact or refinement? One has, of course, a sort of general notion why these things are, though it is difficult to put one's finger clearly and at once upon the leading points. When we say that it is "unfeminine" in a woman to care for good living, or, at least, to profess to care for it, we of course give no explanation whatever of the present matter. *Why* should it be unfeminine? Why may De Vere brag that he had a famous dinner the other day in Paris, while Lady De Vere never cared twopence

about it; or, if she did, would not say so? Why may Brown (in his set) be absolutely disgusting (to most mortals) with reference to the quantity of oysters he ate last night, while Mrs. Brown (though I believe the number of her shells was fearful) only smirks and looks billious in the arm chair? Why is it even that, in having written this, I feel annoyed with myself for having drawn any picture of a woman eating? What makes it all seem so very vulgar? Why, on earth, can't you all eat a little too much, and yet be respectable? I say again, why should it be unfeminine, when it is not unmanly, to say that you like a good dinner, and a good glass of wine? It *is* absolutely unfeminine to profess any great solicitude about the pleasures of the table (as regards the palate of the woman herself); it *ought* to be unfeminine; but why is it unfeminine?

Let us see! Shakspeare and Scott apply the term "ministering angel" to women; but this is poetry. In plain matter of fact she is no angel, but the refined part of humanity. She is infinitely more unselfish than man, though she has more trifling jealousies than he. She is more delicate in frame, in thought, in action. No doubt women are inferior to men in positive strength of intellect, generally in imagination, and often in memory; but (putting out of the question physical powers, and aggressive courage) I don't think they would suffer in the comparison of any other qualities. I do believe that women have one striking and wonderful superiority over men—a superiority which almost raises them above us in the scale of creation; a superiority which strips the mere poetry from the expression "ministering angel," and lays bare its clear and earnest truth. Who sits at the head of that table of hungry sportsmen, and loves to see them feed? Who not only does not seem to care, but really does not much care, for the mutton and the wine, and the rest of it? Who is it that really likes to see the enjoyment of those grosser pleasures of the table which she herself hardly comprehends? Who is it, that caring little for them herself, is unconscious of her superiority in her carelessness? Whose is the smile of a placid, and in reality an elevated enjoyment, as she delights to observe the delight of those who surely are *then* (in the grades of superiority) as the children, and she as the parent? And, oh! how much farther off us still does she stand, when, restless and irritable from the pain of a broken limb, or the fag end of a fever, we look to her only for ease, and cheerfulness, and strength. And which, to the inhabitant of a brighter world than this, would seem really the greater, she who had the *power* to minister to another, either in health or sickness, or that other who himself who always looked up to her just when he was the weakest and most wanting?

Then I am really afraid it comes to this, that we don't like to hear a woman talk about her own dinner, because we look to her for a refinement, an unselfishness, and an aptitude for making others happy, which we can never find in ourselves.

Of course we can help her in no way but that is away from the question. The question is about her dinner. And the answer is, that she must not talk about her dinner because she is a superior being—it is unfeminine to be inferior—I believe that this is all true!

But you have seen to-day very little of the insides of houses when you have only seen one dining-room. That dining-room I was saying (pages back) is not one in which ornament is found to take the place of comfort. Verily in that house there is little of gimcrack; little of very grand furniture. I heard, the other day, of a man who gave 500*l.* for a poker. In "that house" I don't suppose there is one that cost 12*s.* 6*d.* If there were a sale in it, you would hardly find the following:—"Beautiful tulip wood cabinets, with Sevres china medallions, ormolu mountings, and white-veined marble tops." No; but I will show you one room in that house, and the inmate of it. A door, Ma'am, decidedly a door; it opens near one of the corners, of course: turn to your left,—a fire-place; above it a mantel-piece containing a clock, two bronze candlesticks, a thermometer, some shells, a great many newly-received letters, some proof-sheets, a most extraordinary arrangement for lighting pipes (or anything else), compounded of glass, zinc, and sulphuric acid; a quantity of hawk-bells (a good many of them spoilt); pipes; gun caps in box; five winches for fishing-lines; the moulted feathers of hawks stuck in a blue-John vase; and other rubbish. Above,—pictures, and countless numbers of the legs of grouse, partridges, and other birds, the once-owners of which were killed in good flights by the favourite peregrines, or the favourite merlins belonging now, or once belonging, to the proprietor of the room; a large quantity of hawk's hoods hanging on the wall; also jesses, swivels, and leashes. Now, pass on;—guns and fishing-rods in the next corner; a bookcase, containing a moderate number of books; pass on, a window; *look* out of the window,—hawks on the lawn (the famous "Storm-cloud" amongst them); pass on, oak cabinet, with a carving of the Holy Family; large pictorial Bible; corner, another bookcase; another window; long table before it, with contents; slab full of newspapers, *The Queen, Ladies' Newspaper, Saturday Review, Field, &c.*; a sort of side-board; we have got round again to door (some pictures on the wall; large table in the middle of the room; darkish-looking ruffian, with a beard writing there). Do you know it all?—Always yours, PEREGRINE.

SOCIETY.

LIVING ABROAD.

MADAM,—The numerous inquiries addressed to you for information respecting eligible localities, and hints upon housekeeping abroad, will be best answered by those who, like myself, have had some experience of foreign life.

It is necessary in the first place to disabuse the English mind of the prevailing impression that everything abroad is to be had cheap; as, for instance, that a family may live upon 200*l.* per annum and keep their carriage. In most of the towns resorted to by the English abroad, living is as dear as in England, the only difference being, that conventional notions are much less rigid, and everybody may live according to his means without losing caste, as in England. Not that Mammon worship is less prevalent abroad than at home; quite the reverse: the golden calf is bowed down to everywhere, and a rich Englishman of the historical type still commands the adulation of all ranks, though he is only some spendthrift noble or a "white-washer" of the baser sort.

The grand difference between English and foreign living is, that abroad a family may live in a suite of apartments at a moderate rent, may keep only one or two servants, and be almost free from taxation; whereas in England the same people would be expected to live in a villa, with three or four servants, and have to pay 40*l.* or 50*l.* per annum for rates and taxes. Provisions of all kinds are as dear abroad as in England. Groceries much dearer, bread about the same price; but in the provinces of France meat is about sixpence per pound. Wines and other luxuries about the same price as in England. House-rent is very dear in Paris, in fact a suite of rooms in a fashionable quarter costs almost as much as a house in London, but the general outgoings are much less. In the provinces, apartments may be had for nearly the same rate by the year as for the month in Paris; but this again depends much upon the number of English resident in the locality or neighbourhood. In Brittany, for instance, with the exception of the towns frequented by the English, such as St. Servan and Dinan, furnished apartments may be had for two pounds a month; while in those towns they can scarcely be obtained for less than three or four pounds.

The object for which a foreign residence is adopted must, of course, influence the choice of locality. If it is merely for change and amusement, Paris will probably be selected; if for economy and education, many of the provincial towns offer great advantages; if for sporting and country life, there are plenty of chateaux in Brittany and Normandy; while for health-resorts the Pyrenees and the South of France afford charming *sanatoria* for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Living abroad is so very peculiar and strange to those who have never tried it that I am sure a few hints will be appreciated.

The intending emigrants must, of course, make choice of their place of abode, and in this they must not allow themselves to be misled by interested representations, nor trust implicitly to the advice of friends who have spent only a short time at the particular place. Summer visitors flit about from one watering place to another, with pockets full of money and wearing *couleur-de-rose* spectacles; and their impressions, taken during the height of the season, or in the full flush of summer, are anything but trustworthy photographs of a place of residence. A French town may appear very charming during the *fêtes* and *assemblées* which take place in summer, when the *allées* are covered with verdure, and the company are all gay and well dressed, and fluttering about like butterflies in the sun. This may last for three months, but for the other nine there will be an air of *tristesse* and desolation about the place; the ladies are all in the chrysalis state, in dressing-gowns and curl-papers, the men are busy at their offices or lounging in smoky *cafés* and billiard rooms, and the neglected, leafless promenades are haunted by *ennui* and devils blue. This must be taken carefully into consideration if any idea is entertained of living for the whole year round—it may be for several years—in any of those towns which have a little spasmodic gaiety for a few months, and do penance as "deserted villages" for the rest of the year.

I should be happy to give the subscribers to this journal the benefit of my experience in the choice of a locality abroad; but the main point in making a decision is to have a full understanding of the object which is sought for, whether health, recreation, education, or sporting. Unless there is a strong *penchant* for some favourite resort, I should say avoid those places where our countrymen mostly congregate, if the sojourn is likely to be protracted; for however pleasant these places may be to skim the cream off, they are by no means likely to improve on acquaintance, and the society which seems so charming on the surface very often turns out to be only scum and dregs. An English chapel has certain attractions, and every Englishman must be sensible of the privilege of hearing the Word of God abroad in the tongue wherein he was born, and singing the Lord's Song in a strange land; but even this advantage is not without its drawbacks, for the *odium theologicum*, and party spirit and bitterness, are pretty sure to outweigh the religious feeling and Christian charity which should characterise a congregation thus situated.

Supposing a locality to be fixed upon, the next thing will be to pick out a house or apartments. It will entirely depend upon the period of sojourn whether a furnished or unfurnished house is taken. In Paris, the *hotel garni* is the most convenient and economical form of lodging; and if the transpontine quarter is not objected to, very reasonable apartments may be found. In the provincial towns it will be best to take an unfurnished house if the period is for more than one year; and the furniture may be hired from an upholsterer, or picked up at sales. The latter is far the cheapest plan, as furniture maintains its prices, and a sale will realise almost as much as was given for it. If the lodging or house is furnished, great caution will be required in entering into an agreement. It will be necessary to have an inventory prepared beforehand, and the minutest details entered into. The principle of the proprietors is to make the tenant do with as small an amount of furniture as possible, and nothing is put in, except the barest necessaries, till it is asked for. If the tenant is modest in his demands for chairs, tables, crockery, and *batterie de cuisine*, so much the worse for him; he will have to pay the same price, while all the time the plenishing which properly belongs to the apartments is stowed away in the landlady's closets. Let it be borne in mind, too, that the smallest crack, and most microscopic chip on glass or china, is set down as a breakage, and unless the tenant takes care to verify the inventory on entrance, and carefully compare and examine every article, he will infallibly have to pay for it on leaving, or whenever the landlady chooses to examine into the state of her utensils.

The services of an agent or lawyer should be employed to make out the lease and arrange the various stipulations; and I must say that my experience of French lawyers has been very favourable, both as to their good principles and moderate charges. A French bill of costs, with "consultations" at 1*s. 3d.*, and "leases drawn" for 5*s.*, is a great contrast to our most moderate scale of fees.

Rents are payable monthly or quarterly, and in advance, and any breach of covenant, of the most trifling description, will infallibly be taken advantage of by the *proprietaire*. When English people take a house abroad they generally try to make it "comfortable," a word which has only very lately obtained a place in the French vocabulary. Doors and windows have to be adjusted to something like tightness; painting and papering are generally necessary; and if there is a garden and a bit of land, English taste and improvement find a ready development. Perhaps, at the end of three years, the tenant has made the house habitable, and even elegant, and converted a desolate wilderness into a pretty garden and ground. He expects, at any rate, to be complimented and thanked by the landlord, and, perhaps, he has a vision of some kind of compensation and allowance for the expense he has been at. Misplaced confidence! The terms of the lease specify that the house and the grounds are to be given up in the same state as when they were leased, and, as tastes notoriously differ, the French landlord insists that all the English improvements are so many deteriorations, and resolutely demands compensation for the alterations which have taken place without his permission. This is a continual source of litigation, and one in which the tenant invariably loses. It must, therefore, be absolutely insisted upon that if any alterations are contemplated, the landlord's permission must be obtained *in writing*, and not a sixpence expended till that permission is given.

So also with repairs to be done and kept up by the landlord; they must be all specified in the lease, and the tenant should be careful not to enter into possession till the promised repairs have been completed, otherwise a series of shifty excuses will be resorted to, or the promise evaded altogether. It must be borne in mind that there is nothing derogatory to social position in letting lodgings abroad, and the proprietor generally resides in a portion of the house. Peers, Members of the Chamber, and Government officials, all let lodgings; but the tenant must not be weak enough to suppose that the high social position of his landlord or landlady is any bar to their putting into practice the *petitesses* and chicanery of London or Brighton lodging-house keepers. They are exempt, it is true, from the paltry pilfering and petty larceny tricks of the latter, inasmuch as they have nothing to do with the *ménage* or *cuisine* of their lodgers, but as far as they can pinch and screw they will not fail to exercise their legitimate calling. I shall speak about the servants in my next. J. HOOKER.

(To be continued.)

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

I HAVE the greatest respect for long pedigrees and heraldic honours, as becomes a Welshman with a genealogical table duly traced from Cadivor Vawr, King of South Wales; and in spite of the Roman satirist, I take no small delight in the *stemmata* and *longus ordo* of an ancient line. I do not, perhaps, go so far as to look complacently, after the manner of Manners, on the contingent extinction of "arts and learning, laws and commerce," so that we retained our "old nobility;" but there was a time when I should have thought the decline of the one a natural consequence of the decay of the other, and connected every tribulation that might be coming upon the earth, with the putting down of the House of Lords. If my faith has been a little shaken by certain disclosures of ignoble deeds done by noble men and women, I have generally been able to find some "bar sinister" on the escutcheon, or some flaw in the pedigree, which has, to my mind, satisfactorily accounted for the indiscretion, or else the scandal has been caused by one of the mushroom nobility, who had no name in history, nor even a place in the Peerage a century ago.

Sometimes, to be sure, of late years, I have not been able to lay even this flattering unction to my soul, or find any explanation in the pages of Debrett or Burke for the rude assaults upon my faith. And it was under the saddening effects of a more than usually severe blow that I sought for consolation in the chronicles of Froissart and the "Romance of Nobility," and determined to visit Brittany, the scene of their heroes' exploits. "There, at any rate," said I, "I shall find the pure well of nobility undefiled, and the spirit of ancient chivalry refined by the infusion of French politeness; there I shall see the descendants of Tristram and Lancelot du Lac, and the representatives of the Clissons and Beaumanoirs, the Montforts and De Blois, still perhaps inhabiting the old historic chateaux, exhibiting chivalric virtues, and practising feudal hospitality."

I pictured to myself these hereditary chiefs, the *sang azul* of Brittany, distinguished by their grand forms and proud bearing, kings of men, demigods among the ignoble herd, such as are Frenchmen of the present day. Well, I was gratified at last at the sight of a real noble.

I had got safely through the clutches of the Douane at St. Malo, and wanted a carriage to convey me to the old feudal town of St. Cancan. A wretched shandry-dan, drawn by two animals that ought to have been feline diet long ago, stood at the door of the custom-house, and the Jarvey offered to take me and my baggage for double the proper fare. I essayed to bargain with him, and he consented to take me for half the sum he first asked; and so I trusted myself to his rickety conveyance. During the journey I had plenty of time to reckon him up, and a more repulsive-looking scoundrel I never set eyes upon. A narrow forehead, sharp restless eyes, a hooked nose, and a rugged, sensual mouth, made up a physiognomy which was forbidding enough. A common blue blouse ill covered his round back and powerful shoulders, and his great coarse hands were a mass of horn and raw chaps.

He refreshed himself with copious libations of cider and *goutte à eau de vie* at every *auberge* up the road, and smoked incessantly, so that, when we arrived at St. Cancan, he was considerably the worse for liquor, as the phrase goes. On alighting at the Hotel Duguesclin, which I selected for its historical sign, Jarvey demanded the extortionate sum which he at first asked, and not only ignored the contract he had made, but swore by his gods that I had agreed to give him the sum he named, and something extra for himself. I refused to comply with this iniquitous demand, on which he seized my luggage, threw it into his carriage, and drove off, amid the jeers of the bystanders. I appealed to the gensdarmes, and begged to be conducted to the Commissaire of Police. The latter functionary listened to my complaint, and sent for the offending Jehu. But to my sorrow I found that a French *voiturier's* word was as good as an English gentleman's; and upon my instituting some such comparisons, he dealt me the unkindest cut of all, by saying that he was as good a gentleman as myself, nay better, for was he not the Count Jules de Guenroc, a nobleman of one of the oldest families of Brittany, and a descendant of the great Duguesclin, Constable of France? "Is that true," I inquired of the magistrate? "*Oui, dame!*" he replied, with an expletive which sounded very like swearing, "he is a noble, and has his papers, and you had better comply with his demand." What could I do? who was I to contend with the noble representative of one of the oldest families of Brittany, who, moreover, "had his papers?" And I had no papers to show, not even a genealogical tree from the heraldic college in Holborn Bars. Of course I paid the money, and tried to look pleasant with the consolation of having been cheated by a nobleman, who, though reduced to drive a wretched hackney carriage, still kept his papers and appealed to his ancestral honours.

My next introduction to the chivalry of Brittany was in the person of the Comte de Brusvily, who keeps a small tape and button shop in St. Cancan, and though he professes to do it only for his amusement, a keener hand at shaving the ladies is not to be found in Leicester-square.

My landlord also, who condescended to cede me his first and second floor, while he retired, with his wife and daughter, to the attics, was a genuine nobleman of the illustrious family of Roche-Derrien; and so *infra dig.* did he find it to turn his hand to labour that he preferred a slow starvation to the alternative of work. His principal occupation was washing out his cravats and pocket handkerchiefs, and hanging them to dry among the chimney-pots, while his wife and daughter starved their stomachs to clothe their backs, and made all sorts of shifts and *petites economies*, in order to keep up appearances and show themselves off on *fête* days.

I do not like to say a word against them, for theirs must have been a bitter life; nor against the poor old Demoiselles de Faden, who occupied a room somewhere in the house, and took miniatures after the manner of Miss La Creevy, whom they strongly resembled; and if they did transfer a little of the carmine to their poor old lips and cheeks, and a little of the Indian ink to their eyebrows, it was either an accident or a pardonable weakness in the pursuit of the beautiful, and a yearning after the past, under many a heavy blow and great discouragement.

My admiration for old titles was somewhat cooled by these disillusions; but happening to pay a visit to Montonville, the "city of nobles," I promised myself ample consolation for the hard rubs which my theory had received.

For in that neighbourhood, as I heard, dwelt the descendants of the Boishardy's and Rohans, and Saint-Lormels, and a dozen other names illustrious in Breton annals; the heroes of the Battle of the Thirties, and the Wars of the Succession and the Ligue were here represented, and I could not fail, I thought, to find among them the grand characteristics of chivalry and courtesy which distinguished them in the middle ages.

I was even more fortunate than I could have hoped; for on alighting at the Hotel Converset, the landlord informed me that the Chasseurs of the Gules-du-nord were on that day honouring the hotel with their company, and I should have the distinction of putting my legs under the same mahogany with the most illustrious of the Breton nobility. Perhaps but for this flourish on the part of the host, I should hardly have recognised them in their sporting attire, being scarcely prepared to see a Tinténiac or a Clisson togged out after the style of the Epping Hunt, in bad imitation of the cockney sportsman.

Every man sat down to table in his hunting-dress, though they had the decency to hang up their horns and *couteaux de chasse* on the pegs; but the velveteen coats and loud ties, and broad-guage cords were not prepossessing, although I should not have objected to the scarlet coats, and leathers and tops, which are the admitted uniform of the chase among ourselves.

But the owners of these stupendous coats, and horns, and boots, were of as bad a style as their dress. Their manners were coarse, their tastes uneducated, their conversation of the horse, horsey, garnished with foul oaths and indecent jests. They ate like horses, and drank like asses of every drink promiscuously. They drank cider and champagne, claret, and small beer, one after the other, from the same glass; and for dessert each man had a decanter of curaçoa to moisten his throat, parched with the smoke of bad cigars, and hoarse with boisterous laughter.

Under the influence of such stimulants, they came out very strong, and I was soon glad to quit the "noble sportmans," and leave them to boast undisputedly of the wolves and boars they had slaughtered; and the girls, particularly the *charmantes Anglaises*, who had fallen victims to their charms; but all night long the corridors and staircases of the hotel echoed with the shouts of the *chasseurs*, and the tootlings of their horns. And the landlord, and the clumsy Breton slavey, must have had hard work to get some of the most elevated of these peers to their respective couches, and put them to rest in their boots and spurs, with their hunting horns around them.

After this upsetting of my theory I felt prepared for any amount of contradiction to my cherished idea. When I saw a sort of old mauvmonkey, dressed like a mountebank, and riding in company with two of the *demi-monde*, in sky-blue habits, I was not surprised to hear that it was the Marquis de Chalonges, the lineal descendant of the hero of Auray and the Combat des Trente, and that he had nearly succeeded in dissipating the whole of his ancestral estates in riotous living. And when I was told of such daily occurrences as elopements, and duels, and dicing, and drinking bouts, it soon became quite natural to find that the thin-legged, weak-kneed individuals who were pointed out to me as the heroes of these *esclandres* belonged to the very oldest *noblesse*.

I have now ceased to wonder that the Emperor pays small court to the old families, and prefers to seek his agents and officials among the active and intelligent middle classes.

A patent of nobility does not involve a patent for well-doing abroad or at home, and had our own aristocracy no better title to respect than their ancestral honours, they would have been "rubbed out," and obliged to "knock under," as our cousins say, long, long ago. For my own part, I have left Brittany a sadder and a wiser man. I do not like to give up my romantic dreams of chivalry, but henceforward I shall adopt a truer standard. Handsome shall be that handsome does, and noble shall he be that "acts as such," for

> Honour makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
> And all the rest is leather and pruncella.

J. HOOKER.

JERSEY AS A WINTER RESORT.

IN ANSWER to the correspondents of your journal who have been inquiring after a pleasant locality in which to seek a refuge from the undisputed inclemencies of our winters, I beg to name Jersey as a mild, healthy, and pleasant winter retreat. The climate is warmer than ours, and more equal. It is less hot than Devonshire in the summer, but I think it is also less cold in winter. A near relative of mine, who lives there, wrote to us during the sharpest weather of the severest winter we have had lately—"would you believe it, the water *froze in our yard?*" That was at a time when we were retiring to rest leaving a good fire in the bedroom grate, and rising in the morning to find the towels like boards of ice, and water-jugs, water-bottles, and basins filled with firm blocks of ice. The lingering severity of our spring too is much less felt in Jersey than it is here. Spring flowers come out seasonably, and are not cut back. As a proof of the milder spring, I may name the plentiful production of pears in the island. Fears with us are generally nipped in the blossom, venturing forth early as they do, but it is not so in the Channel Islands; there the weather in the spring is not sharp enough to destroy the blooms, and the pears and other early-blooming fruits go on to maturity. Myrtles, geraniums, magnolias, sweet-scented verbena, and all flowers and trees of that kind, to which we have to give protection through the winter, live out of doors all the year round, and fuchsias grow into trees with trunks. The verbenas too spread into large bushes, and very pretty they look with their sprayey growth and tender green; with them too the stems harden into wood. I have seen them with the stem five inches in

diameter. Even days which may be called bad days there, generally clear up and give a few hours fine, when the granite-made roads get dry and become pleasant for walking. In February the ladies are often glad to put aside their shawls, when out of doors, from the warmth.

With regard to amusements I fear it must be conceded that dear, delightful little Jersey is less fortunate than in climate. In fact it would be pronounced slow in that particular by the young ladies laying claim to the opposite term, who have of late been discussed by Mr. Berkeley and other correspondents. There is a theatre, sometimes taken by French, sometimes by English companies. There are lectures on various subjects, panoramas sometimes, and musical entertainments and concerts, when persons of musical celebrity visit the place for the purpose of giving them. The gentlemen have a chamber of commerce, reading rooms, and facilities for pursuing the amusement of sea fishing. Visiting, of course, is rife, and the pet plan of it seems to be tea drinking, at which the tables are most abundantly covered. Rifle shooting is carried on with great spirit. Charity, too, has kind and earnest votaries; the charitable societies are numerous, and they are energetically supported. It is a congenial, pleasant place for those who enjoy a quiet life, but persons who like exciting pleasures would find it dull. Out of doors exercise is never unattainable. There are pleasant sheltered lanes and valleys for those who dread exposure to cold, breezy heights for those who prefer a more bracing walk or ride, and sea-side rambles with *choice* of shelter or exposure. Carriages for hiring are good and moderate in price, living is cheap, lodgings comfortable and easily procurable, and all these advantages, simple though they be, to be reached with a short, easy journey, and unattended with trouble of custom-house examinations. Those who cross from Southampton in the winter would do well to watch there for calm weather, but many perfectly calm winter passages are by no means uncommon. The time of the equinoxes should of course be avoided.

At Pontac, less than three miles from St. Helier, on the south side of the island, there is a pretty and pleasantly situated hotel commanding an extensive sea-view, the owner of which asked 3*l.* per week for board and lodging for two ladies (sisters). The accommodation offered was one sleeping-room and a good sitting-room, and this seems about the usual rate of charge. Private lodgings are cheap, and generally easy to meet with, and those who let houses furnished appear to follow the scale of charging rather more than double the rent of the house unfurnished. House rent is about on a par with Islington and similar localities in the environs of London; this is in the town of St. Helier, or its immediate neighbourhood, at a distance from the town rents are lower. All the ladies go to market, and find amusement in the medley, busy scene, where the different markets are attended by English, Jerseyites, and French, in varied costumes, and speaking French and English and Jersey French in different dialects, and often a mixture of all.

Invalids will find ready medical attendance, both French and English. Many of the medical men are highly spoken of, and they are sufficiently numerous, for there are fifty in St. Helier.

The neighbouring island of Guernsey has also been found to be a pleasant place of residence, but it is said to be much less mild than Jersey, more expensive, and more exclusive. Emma W.

A WINTER RESORT—MONTREUSE.

Madam,—My idea of a winter resort (*par excellence*) must be Montreuse, a small village situated at the eastern extremity of Lake Leman, otherwise known as the Lake of Geneva; a spot which, for scenery, climate, and every enjoyment which Nature affords to those who love her charms, is Paradise itself. Words fail me in which to paint the surrounding scene as it deserves to be painted. Language has no power to convey to another's sense the gladdening lustre of the golden sunlight, the mellow beams of the softer moonlight; none, save those who have wandered and lingered in foreign lands, *can* picture to themselves atmospheric effects which combine to form at least one-half of the charm of this little nook. It lies nestling beneath the shadow of a lofty hill. This appears to have been, in some former age, cloven in the midst, and through its fissure dashes a torrent, which, after turning a saw-mill in the valley, finds a home in the bosom of the lake, most deeply beautifully blue, which usually is to be seen calm and still, clear as a mirror, reflecting the surrounding grand mountains, crag for crag. Occasional storms rise, sudden and furious, and lash the waters into huge waves, but these soon subside; and winds, which rudely blow in other regions, here lie hushed to rest. Who that has any strength with which to climb the hills, or course the meadows, could ever sigh for the noisy bustle and excitement of a town? Does one crave intellectual resource? Wander forth into the ravines or the pine forests—explore their myriad wealth—and the mind will not lack stores of wondrous information. Do any pine for galleries of art, or harmonies of well-developed sound? All, and more than all, which art can supply, is here massed for mortal gratification—be it the roaring torrent, the graceful cascade, the tangled wood, or denser forest, the emerald glades, grassy slopes on copse, *carpeted* with richest wealth of flowers; or massive mountains, pile on pile, towering to the skies. The winter is quickly over here, and the duration of frost and snow is short, seldom commencing before January, rarely lasting till March. We generally have some days of keen, almost intense cold, but these are usually bright and cloudless, and the hot sunshine bids one cease to complain of the keen air. Who *could* complain of fingers slightly numb, whose eyes were riveted on a world whose outline is grand beyond description, and draped in a robe of spotless purity? Who *would* complain of a temporary inconvenience whilst they crush the hard snow beneath their feet, or are borne along in the swift sledge, the horses' bells clanging merrily through the crisp air? Turn aside the spotless drapery on the mountain side, and lo! beneath, the earth is already putting forth her glad resurrection promise. On the 5th of January I have thus turned aside the snow, and gathered primroses. Violets bloom in sheltered spots all through the winter, and so early as February you may collect treasures of snowdrops, crocus, scilla, &c. &c. &c. Mrs. Watney would be furnished with a large variety from which to select store for her weekly chat on botany.

In most regions of the earth, spring's charms are more than half annihilated by the chilling blasts which nip the opening buds; but here we are happily exempt from such rude unwelcome guests. Though, as I design to be a faithful narrator, I must confess that frost compels vegetation to the same severe check. I almost fear you will say that I have *raved* too long—you might say it with reason—so I must return to the practical, and tell you that for those anxious to visit what I and many another deem to be loveliest spot on earth, the journey may be made, *via* Paris and Geneva from London, in about 55 hours. First class, Bradshaw says 6*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*, but we only paid about 4*l* 10*s.* Second class (again I quote Bradshaw) 5*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* There are numerous Pensions, replete with comfort, the average expense of which is from three to six francs a-day a-head, besides which there is the expense of firing in private rooms, candles, wine, and service; which usually averages five francs a month per person. The winter season usually ranges from the end of October to the end of April, or middle of May. Then, according to the season, which, of course, varies here as elsewhere, one either *may* or *must* remove to cooler regions. Those not yet weary of this grand scenery, may spend a very pleasant time at Glion, another village, perched on the summit of the hill, which shelters Montreuse. Two good pensions are to be found there. Of this *village même*, as we say, I beg leave to state I am *not* enchanted. But with that one need have no further connection than to pass through it as occasion requires.

The Swiss church is conceded to the English for their use, and here service is performed each Sunday morning by a most worthy, kindly man, who is certainly the father of his flock. In the afternoon the service is held in a Pension at Chirens, about twenty minutes walk from hence.

Attached to the English church is a small lending library of English, French, Italian, and German books. There are medical men in the village, of whose skill some people hold a good opinion.

Warm baths are to be had in the village, for the moderate sum of a franc each.

To some of my readers Montreuse may have yet one more charm, it lies but half an hour distant from the far-famed Castle of Chillon, whose towers rise from the very lake itself. There are also some other castles of interest in the neighbourhood.

There are a few shops in the village, which supply the *necessaries* of the toilette, and for the rest, the town of Vevey has good, and Lausanne better shops, distant by rail, the one ten, the other fifty minutes,—I am, Madam, yours, Greta.

GOVERNESSES.

Madam,—The larger number of abominations disclosed on the governess and lodging-house grievances the better hope of some amendment. That we, who call ourselves a *Christian* nation, should ever have so fearfully maltreated those whom we are most particularly bound to honour, the well educated ladies, to whose care the most precious treasures of our hearts are entrusted, is *one*, alas! *only one*, of the black spots, which casts a lengthening and an ominous shadow over our highly-favoured country.

I cannot but wish that worthy Mr. Surly Hardbake would have clothed his honest indignation in *rather* more temperate language. Had he done so I believe his opinions would have been more effectual in some matters. Yet in spite of this my wish, I cannot but re-echo his sentiments. It is much to be hoped that his indignation now aroused will not slumber ere it has made an effort for ameliorating the sad evil which so many deplore. I could sadden him, and several other contributors to your journal by the narration of trials endured by governesses, dear friends of mine; but there is not much need for me to enlarge on the painful topic. One addition to the examples we have already had shall suffice. A young lady of my acquaintance was engaged as governess companion to the daughter of a man, who if not a wealthy proprietor, had at least a goodly store of this world's wealth, for he kept several saddle horses. He was a very good horseman himself, and determined that the young ladies should also excel as equestrians. This was very well in fine weather, but the misery was that the long rides were enforced when the weather was not fine. On one of these occasions the ladies were out for some hours in a drenching rain, and as my friend happened to have a very delicate constitution, she became ill in consequence of the exposure, whilst the harder-framed daughter escaped without suffering. It was not misery enough for the poor girl to undergo hours and days of pain and weakness, the heartless father of her pupil insisted on *deducting* from her quarter's salary the sum which he deemed forfeited by her absence from the school-room and the riding-ground! I shall not—for I dare not—trust myself to comment on this act, for I am anxious to draw attention to another iniquity? yes, it is that; but it is something else too; and, despite my hint to Mr. S. H., I *must* quote from his vocabulary—no other word will serve me; well then, let me say it, and let me be pardoned by every one averse to *strong* language—another snobbery.

I know a young lady, an orphan, a girl full of energy and perseverance. She has devoted her life, thus far, to the study of music. She is considered, by those well able to judge, to be very proficient; to execute as well as many who are listened to by a London audience with enthusiasm: but she, though she has appeared on the orchestra, and has been applauded to the echo by high praise, cannot make her way into the public favour. And why? only because she happens to bear an ordinary English name; and as she happens to be the fortunate possessor of an honest English nature, has not chosen to adopt the sure way to win the fickle approbation of an English audience, viz., the adopting a foreign name. Perhaps there may be one consolation for my friend in the fact that a great singer—great, I mean, so far as powers of voice are concerned—has the same hard difficulty to cope with; and doubtless there are many other sufferers who would readily corroborate my statement, that English talent is little appreciated, for the most part, by the English people, unless it be dressed up in a foreign guise.

Oh, cruel misery! reckless, heartless child of a wealthy age, grown pitiless in its luxury. The English *artiste* has toiled as long, as perseveringly as the foreign rival, and at a *much larger* expense: hope, that animus of a fainting spirit, has kept the English girl fast by her instrument for *ten*, may *twelve* hours *daily*, for months together, expecting that the yearned-for future, the future bright with success and loud applause, would amply compensate for her hours of toil; and, alas, the spirit is crushed out of her; the energy laid low; the prospects of success, which surely ought *not* to have been as a vain phantom, dashed to pieces *because* she is not a foreigner! and because she has not the means to *purchase* the position which merit ought to command!

I read, I believe in your columns, some weeks ago, that it was in contemplation to organize an English Operatic Company. May this report prove true.

Now, allow me to take this opportunity of offering my very sincere condolences to "Firefly" on the grievances she is undergoing in a Brighton lodging-house. I must not trespass on your space by recounting *my* list of grievances on this topic, though I could give you a long one. It needs but to come into contact with those who live in it to to live in lodgings (I believe it little matters in what locality, though may be the south coast is worse than elsewhere) to hear tales which curdle every drop of honest blood in one's veins. The disgust and indignation one endures are, I feel, decidedly detrimental—demoralizing to the general tone of the character. If "Firefly" continues her theme (and I hope she will) I expect some far worse disclosures than those of last week, though I grant those to be sufficiently annoying, yet they are as nothing when compared with the pilfering, and cheating, and extortion, with which one has neither the wit nor the logic to cope, or if one has, then, alack and alas for the gentleness, the thinking no evil, the bearing of all things which compose that spirit of Christian charity which alone shall endure when all else has perished. The laws of our land, and our efficient staff of police, protect us from housebreakers, highwaymen, and pickpockets, or, at least, they can *redress* if not *prevent* our losses from the depredations of these offenders; but, as far as I know, there is no remedy against that dreadful class of marauders, lodging-house-keepers. The strong arm of the law does not intervene between the injured and the oppressor here. If only discussion be sufficiently kept afloat, we may reasonably hope that "there's a good time coming."—I am, Madam, yours, Greta.

["Greta," like many ladies who write upon the "Governess question," and underline their words, takes, we fear, a somewhat pessimist view of affairs. Her theory about the non-success of the orphan musician, through her refusal to take a foreign name, appears to us to be contradicted by a large number of facts. Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss Goddard, Miss Pyne, have none of them found that an English name is any drawback.—Ed.]

FEMALE MEDICAL PRACTICE.

Madam,—The question involved in the late occurrences at St. Andrew's having been raised in your summary last week, it can hardly be allowed to remain in the position in which you leave it. A somewhat weighty principle, as regards the female sex, is concerned in the desirability, or the reverse, of our having female medical practitioners. You say in summing up the case, that the question "must be left, we think, after all, to the inherent delicacy (may we call it instinct) of women themselves." Further, you say that "it is a matter upon which our opinion is clear; we believe that the great majority of women themselves would repudiate the idea." You will pardon me if I venture to say that I do not think that your opinion is clear upon the point; at any rate you do not make it so to my understanding. You appear to me to avoid expressing any distinct opinion, and to put forward existing collateral sentiments as arguments against a principle. I confess that I never recognised how strong the arguments were in favour of the principle, until I saw how weak they were against it. As a matter of course "the inherent delicacy or instinct of women" *would* guide them in dealing with such a subject; but it seems to me that you do not give that instinct fair play, because you prejudge the case for them by assuming it to be indelicate; and that "the great majority of women would reject the idea," with such a sentence appended to it, is probable enough; but the fact of the great majority of women rejecting a thing amounts to very little. The great majority of women, and of men too, reject things every day which are of vital importance to them; and no great principle was ever enunciated yet which the great majority of men and women did not, not only reject, but, vehemently stigmatise. I could name several great principles which are precisely in this condition at this moment.

Now let us consider the question of delicacy to a certain extent; because it is a question for consideration and argument, and not to be disposed of by the supposition of a sentiment. I don't, of course, advocate female general-medical-practitioners, but I do presume that no possible charge of indelicacy could be brought against any woman for attending any other woman, or even a child, in illness, if her experience and attainments were sufficiently mature, tried, and recognised to warrant her doing so. This is surely a question in which capability is the condition, and the only condition, as it seems to me, just as it is with men; and if there be any charge of indelicacy sustainable at all in any such matters, it would seem to be rather against the present system, which, I confess, at times jars a little upon one's delicate sensibilities, than against the suggestion made above.

It will readily be seen that this is a question we cannot enter very deeply upon here; but those who are interested in it can easily reason it out in their own minds. But now we have to look at the case in another point of view. When Florence Nightingale started upon the expedition which has rendered us familiar with her name, there was a great flourish of trumpets, that a fair young lady should be gifted with such self-devotion; there was no hint of any indelicacy; had anyone hinted at such a thing, he would have had his sentiment thrust back down his throat. Again, nearly the whole of our nurses (not only in the English, but in other hospitals) are women. The duties of their offices often make very strong calls upon their delicacy; but no one for one moment holds them unfit for their office by reason of "their inherent delicacy, or instinct." Would they be rendered less effective in their office, or could their delicacy be further menaced with offence or destruction if they possessed medical knowledge? I cannot see that it would.

I have so far merely touched upon the broad principle. How women are to obtain medical knowledge is a matter of separate consideration. One thing is evident, viz., that if such a thing is to be, somebody must make a beginning; and until one woman has demonstrated the thing to be possible, it is, of course, futile to talk of classes and colleges as some of the papers do. The chief existing objection to permitting a woman to attend lectures, viz., the intermixture of sexes, might be overcome by the railing and curtaining off some small space, and affording it a separate entrance, so that no one save the lecturer might know even whether it were occupied or not. And thus that subtile and volatile essence, the delicacy of the medical student, need not be submitted to any outrage or test whatever.

That the medical world should not take a very favourable view of the proposition was, of course, to be expected. But if their case is a strong and good one against it, it should not be difficult for them to demonstrate it, and to bring forward their arguments. I am conscious of dealing with a subject upon which I am but slightly informed, and therefore I by no means pretend to authority upon it. I simply throw down my contribution to the discussion, and make way for the next speaker; and if he can show cause and reason why this thing should not be, of course I will bow to conviction; but it certainly is not fair, while remitting the case to the consideration of your sex at large, to prejudge it. Francis Francis.

NOTES & QUERIES.

AID FOR THE CIRCASSIANS.

Madam,—Having seen in your journal a paragraph giving an account of the meetings that have been held in various towns of England, in order to arouse our sympathies in the cause of the brave Circassians, would you allow me to suggest, through your paper, that a subscription be got up for these people, who have suffered, and are suffering, wrongs brought upon them by no fault of theirs, but rather from our own Government not fulfilling its part of the treaty of Paris. These brave men have come over from their country almost as fugitives, believing that they would find justice in England; and shall we let them return with a sympathy worse than mockery, to die of want, or be murdered by the Russians? May I beg that you will look favourably upon my suggestions, and allow me to be, yours faithfully, Jane Lewis.

P.S.—I enclose a preliminary contribution.

THE "FASTNESS" OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Madam,—I have read with much interest several letters on domestic life and habits which have appeared from time to time in your paper. I think that the great evil (social evil) of the present day is an extreme tendency to "fastness," as it is vulgarly called, in living, manners, and appearance. The tastes of the age are no longer so domestic as they used to be, hence the utter indifference manifested by many persons towards the comforts of a home or quiet. All this is voted slow. The man in the upper classes must have his club and private amusements in the lower stage of society, pipes and cards at the public-house; the woman in the higher sphere indulges in dress and decoration; and in the lower, gossip and improvidence. Besides, "fast" conversation is now indulged in very much by women. We hear such expressions, continually, as "bricks," "muffs," "come-to-grief," "shut-up," and many others of like nature. It is not at all surprising that women of refined and delicate habits should naturally prefer men of a similar tendency. Delicate nerves and feminine taste are by no means incompatible with great courage, presence of mind, coolness and determination of character. A "fast" man is generally a selfish, egostistical character. Even a bashful timidity and delicate reserve of character is far preferable (in my humble opinion) to that pushing and bustling sort of manner that you meet with so much now.

To conclude, there is too much profession in the present day, and not as much performance. We perceive the fruits of this and a great deal that transpire in public as well as private life.—I remain, Madam, your obedient servant, Henrietta.

THE DANGERS THAT BESET OUR PATHS.

Madam,—Ladies (and gentlemen also) at this present time cannot be *too strongly* cautioned against being out late in this metropolis. The brother of a lady friend of my own, who lives in the Paddington district, was returning home a fortnight ago, about eight o'clock, when he was sprung upon by two ruffians in a by-street, and very roughly treated. Fortunately he had nothing for the thieves to take; but he was so shaken by this occurrence, that when he reached home (according to his sister's account) he fainted away in her arms, and was some time before he was brought to by the application of smelling bottles, lavender water, &c., and was very ill for some days afterwards.

Some ladies also adopt what I consider a very injudicious practice, viz., that of carrying their porte-monnaies in their hands when walking. I have known several robberies happen from this practice in different localities. Ladies especially, ought on *no account whatever* to cross the Parks at night, or to walk in lonely neighbourhoods, without a gentleman's escort. The Westminster police report in Saturday's *Times* is, indeed, of an alarming character; trusting these few lines may, perhaps, be of service to some of your fair readers, I remain yours very obediently, Annie.

Removal of the French Court.—It is a pretty freely entertained opinion, that the removal for sale of the greater, and to ladies most attractive, portion of the International Exhibition, to the premises of Messrs. Grant and Gask, in Oxford-street, will cause a good deal of disappointment, but the time allowed by the Commissioners, and the conditions somewhat imperatively enforced by the sellers, whom it must be remembered are wealthy manufactures jealous of their fame, renders this course one of hard necessity. All, however, who have ever entered the *salons* of the Messrs Grant and Gask, will at once admit that there exists in Oxford-street ample scope and verge enough for the fitting display of these goods, and that the public will have far better licence for estimating their respective values, than in a building anyhap inconveniently crowded by those at the utmost attracted by an idle curiosity. The same observations equally apply to the tissue *de verre* and the moiré antique of Spitalfields (both of which were honoured with medals), for the mere handling of such goods by the million could not possibly tend to any profitable or even instructive results. The vast quantity of goods purchased by Messrs. Grant and Gask are all of the choicest and most *recherché* description, and, with their tact and taste, we shall hope to find that one of the most attractive features of the Exhibition will long continue to delight lovers of purity of design and excellence of manufacture at the galleries in Oxford-street.—*Morning Herald.*

Theft of Railway Bonds by a Lady's-maid.—A gentleman of independent property named A——, residing in Paris, having perceived some months ago that bonds and other securities to the amount of 10,000fr. had been abstracted from his bureau, suspected that they had been stolen by his wife's maid Augustine, and accordingly interrogated her on the subject. With an air of injured innocence the young woman protested that she knew nothing of the property, and added that she would not quietly submit to have her character ruined by such unfounded suspicions. Her master was so much intimidated by the woman's manner, that he took no further steps steps in the matter, and when his wife died, some time after, he discharged the servant with a handsome present. Meanwhile the commissaire of police of the quarter had been informed that Augustine had left a child at nurse at Nancy, and as she never sent any money to pay for it, the child had been taken to the Foundling Hospital. That fact having come to his knowledge at the same time with vague rumours of M. A——'s loss, he communicated with that gentleman, and learnt all the particulars of the robbery. An inquiry was then instituted, and it was ascertained that the woman had recently bought a quantity of expensive clothes and jewellery, and that she was living with a coffee-house waiter. She was arrested, and, when sharply interrogated, at last owned that she had some money, the remains of 4,500fr. which her mistress had given to her. As she had been with Madame A—— only a short time, that story was thought improbable, and the commissary directed that her person and lodgings should be searched. This led to the discovery of two 1,000fr. bank notes, sewed in the lining of her stays, and at her lodgings were found a number of M. A——'s railway bonds and other securities, which, with the money she must have expended, amounted to the 10,000fr. stolen. As these circumstances left no doubt of her guilt, the woman was committed for trial.—*Morning Post.*

BAZAAR AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE FORTNIGHT which the Commissioners of the International Exhibition have devoted to the purposes of a bazaar, will, it is now very evident, benefit but an insignificant portion of the exhibitors, and the majority of these will derive little, if any, advantage from the sale of the goods *bonâ fide* exhibited by them; but will look for their profit from works taken into the building, and not from those that have been there throughout the season. The time allotted to this purpose has been a great boon to those who possessed works of a valuable character, requiring care and extreme caution in their packing and removal. What success might have attended upon the notion of a bazaar if carried out before the inclemencies of winter had set in, conjecture alone can guess; but now that Boreas is rudely whistling throughout each corridor and court of the building, and his admission has not been confined to the entrances for the ticket-holders, but facilitated by enormous gaps in the brick-work made to give egress to the goods, the boisterous deity is to be met with at every turn. Added to this, a new, but not fresh enemy to warmth and comfort, has appeared in the building, and most insidiously makes itself felt from between the yawning crevices of the flooring, having made its way there through the cellarage now thrown open to empty the vaults of their disused beer barrels. With these undergound and carbine-inflating draughts, it is difficult to deal, but there it is, manifest to both extremities of feet and olfactory organs, redolent of sour ale to a cruel and nauseating extent.

Fortunately for our foreign visitors, they have all fled homeward ere a chopping sea in the channel barred their exodus, and frosty-faced fog enshrouded them in his chilling embrace. We cannot but have a lurking suspicion that Messrs. Grant and Gask must have exercised, upon the fears of our foreign visitors, some very potent influences, such as those involved in the dangers of our sea, and the wet blanket-like effect of our land, to have made them part so easily with their goods, and at the fabulously low prices officially recorded by the Chamber of Commerce at Lyons, the directors of which negotiated the sale of nearly the whole of the goods in the French Court. If so, a future French McCulloch may place this amongst the "smart" commercial transactions which characterise "*perfide Albion*" as "nothing but a nation of shopkeepers." By the by, there is a characteristic imputed to a certain nation, which is enrolled under the British emblem, that, let a hero appear, or a man burst suddenly into greatness, and presto! the said division of Great Britain will claim the mighty one as being somehow descended from somebody born on its soil. The French are of late emulous of this national *trait*, and we could give, as did the columns of the *Times* some while ago, several almost ludicrous instances of the growing mania. The last, however, is *apropos* of the Exhibition. It would seem that the Spitalfields firm of Messrs. Ballance and Son, who have been eminent for their supremacy in silks for very many years, were commissioned, by the Messrs. Jay, to exhaust their resources in the production of the most perfect black silks it was possible for capital or machinery to produce, and the result being everything that could have been desired, the firm was rewarded by the only medal in this class. So far all is mere common place, and the sequence of the proprieties are not outraged, and flow like oil. But this mellifluous state of things might be borne in London, but not at Lyons, nor in Paris; and lo! some clever fellow discovers that those black silks are not of English breed after all, but undoubted, pure unsophisticated French, the Messrs. Ballance and Son being descendants of a French family that came over to England with the Huguenots! Here was a crow for the Gallic cock, and hence the chuckling in the *Moniteur*, *Siecle*, &c., and by the whole tribe of our recent courteous, but mercurial, continental critics.

Amongst the articles which are most sought after and carried away from the Exhibition as appropriate *souvenirs* of the event, are works in ivory, both carved and turned; and the several dealers in this *specialité* are doing apparently very well. But as ivory turning and carving has made but little observable progress since 1851, we only perceive in the building the same description of ware and mechanism which has been known to us for years past, and were equally well-known to our forefathers. Two notable exceptions, however, present themselves to this rule. The one in the works of a gentleman, an amateur, exhibited in the Eastern Annexe, in which amongst other specimens of a great delicacy of manipulation, a cup was shown in ivory, turned to so close a consummation of next-to-nothingness, that common print placed in it could be read as if the vessel were of crystal. The other exception is in the collections sent by Mr. Dutton, of Holywell-row, Finsbury, and which were placed, we might add lost, in the Eastern Annexe, and in a recess of the trophy, the pendant of the food trophy in the Nave. These specimens are, at the present moment, still in their places, and are well worthy the closest examination, as they are fairly entitled and claim to rank as works of a refined art. Amongst them is a magnificent arabesque blotting-case cover, with nude Nymphs and Boys. The drawing, treatment, and general character of this piece of carving renders it *unique*. A bust of the late Prince Albert, carved out of a large solid block of ivory, is an excellent likeness, full of quiet grace and dignity. The paper-knives, glove-stretchers, bracelets, brooches, shells in ivory for card receptacles, book-marks, pen-holders, jewel-boxes, chess and draughtsmen, sugar-tongs, *souvenirs* &c., are all more or less impressed with carving in high relief, and of a quality which removes them immeasurably from the ordinary every-day results of the lathe and the carving-tool. Several of our leading artists and modellers who have seen them have candidly admitted that they would do credit to the most celebrated designers of this or of a past time. We could not hear whether they were from English hands, but there exists a certain purity of expression, wherever the nude figure is employed, and such a total absence of that exaggeration ascribable to the French, and even to the Italian schools, that we should pronounce them to be of home production. Again, this is observable in the groups of flowers which surmount the jewel-boxes; they lie lightly and naturally, as if a breath would disturb their *pose*, but no struggle for a meretricious effect is apparent, and hence our conviction that the genius of their development is in our midst.

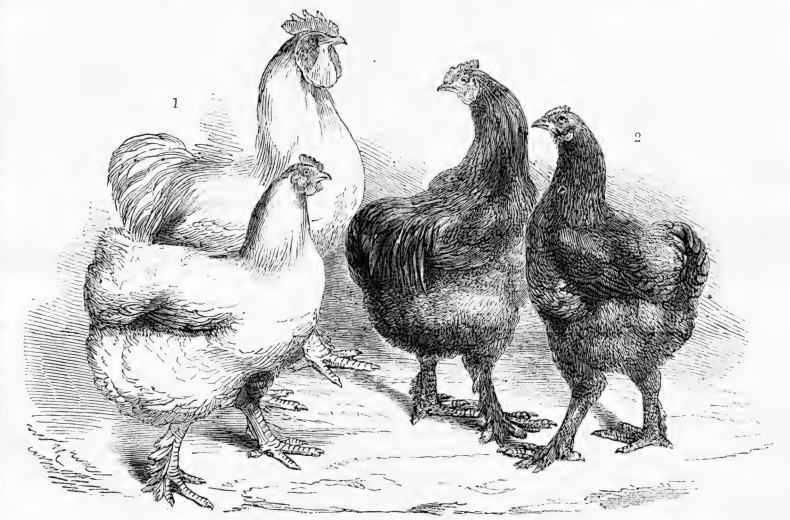
It may be well to state that all refection is at an end in the Exhibition excepting a couple of solitary tubs, where oysters of excellent quality, with brown bread and butter, are vended at a cost which is fair, and opposed to the traditions of the past. Messrs. Morrish would have stopped longer and warmed with an acceptable soup the frequenters of the bazaar; but the Commissioners, true to the last to their copper-bottomed instincts, would not permit it unless toll was taken upon each pork pie and every head, whether its mouth were seeking creature comforts or not, that entered the Exhibition, paid a poll-tax through the till of the contractors. Well might *Punch* state, in a supposed sporting column, "that the odds were in favour of the Commissioners doing some mean thing, yet meaner than any they have yet done, meaner than the 21*s.* for a package of twenty shilling tickets business. The pickle business, the stick and umbrella business, the non-admission to assistants business, the libellous catalogue business, the refreshment exaction business, the refreshment smash business, the Cadogan scandal business, the refusal of Sunday tickets to students without season tickets' business, the lavatory extortion business, the prizes-muddle business, and about a dozen more businesses of the same kind, seemed to forbid hope, yet at the last hour we are told that Mr. Morrish is not to sell a sandwich during the bazaar fortnight unless he pays a new rent, and this sends the betting up, for it shows powers of invention. Perhaps we shall hear that a royalty or toll is exacted in respect of every purchase made in the building, perhaps we shall find that though articles may be sold, they may be wrapped up only in whitey-brown paper to be procured of the Commissioners at 4*d.* a sheet. We cannot give a decided opinion on the safety of betting on the Commissioners, but fortune favours the bold, if it does not (as hath been shown at Kensington) favour the stingy." We could have told them of one mean thing they could have done, and we feel assured they would have tried to do it had it occurred to them; but we had mercy upon a much oppressed public. We may, however, whisper it now with almost safety. Why not as they charged the exhibitors and their assistants for their entrance to watch and dust their wares—why not charge them for going *out?*

Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur-street, has, we understand, bought largely, to the extent of some 25,000*l.*, of the highest class of furniture and works of art. Mr. Sedley, of Regent-street, has also expended an enormous sum of money in the exercise of an enlightened judgment amidst the most *recherché* objects of utility and luxury in the building, which he purposes during the month to so arrange that yet a better opportunity than was afforded in the crowded courts will be given to the public to judge of their several excellencies at his galleries in Regent-street—galleries, by the bye, that are not to be measured by the comparatively narrow entrance upon the *trottoir*, but by a glance upwards over the several shops which they surmount. Mr. Wertheimer, on the contrary, has left his splendid selection of marqueterie and other furniture to the last, having taken advantage of the space thrown open by the removal of Messrs. Jackson and Graham's, Messrs. Gillow's, and other *chefs d'œuvre*. Mr. Harry Emanuel's name may be likewise added to those of Messrs. Grant and Gask, Messrs. Jay, Messrs. Sedley, and others, who purpose during the present season making their establishments as attractive as possible, by the concentration of all that is appreciable on the Exhibition in their special trade pursuits.

We may in all likelihood pay a visit to some of these semi-public bazaars in our *incognito*, and give a faithful impress of their appearance and success.

WHITE AND BLACK COCHINS.

WE RETURN to our random gossip about the Cochins to say a few words on the White and the Black sub-varieties. The first White Cochins we ever heard of in this country belonged to the Dean of Worcester, and they, we have been told, made their appearance accidentally, the result of a sport from some dark Cochins, with laced plumage, crying back probably to some former white progenitors, for we have never known White Cochins to show the peculiarities or the delicacy of albinos. A very few specimens have been brought to this country from China. The first White Cochins which made their appearance at the exhibitions were, we believe, shown by Mrs. Herbert, of Powick, in Worcestershire, and for several years this lady carried the palm; but when amateurs part with their surplus stock, they, with their birds, dispense the success which appertains to them; and so it was in this case, for in course of time there were many successful breeders and exhibitors of these delicate looking and exceedingly beautiful birds. Mrs. Herbert was a very careful, and consequently a very successful breeder, and she had about as splendid a lot of Cochins as has ever been got together, ready to offer for competition, just at the time when the love of Cochins had run into a mania, and when it became the fashion among amateurs to sell their surplus stock by auction. The lady, amateur-like, was fond of her chickens, and appreciated their beauty, but she was no less surprised than some other lookers on, to find how large a sum they realised at her sale. There were 110 birds, and they sold for 369*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* The best cock, and he *was* a beauty, brought 40*l.*!



WHITE AND BLACK COCHINS.

At the time when Cochin amateurs ran mad after colour, a cross with a White Cochin was often used to produce the clear bright yellow, so much admired; and it seems likely that the splashes of white which may be seen in some Buff Cochins may date their origin from such crosses. We have never heard, however, that the cross produces stronger pied markings than the splashes. The White Cochins are very pretty, and in a locality where they can remain clean they are beautifully ornamental fowls to keep in a grass run, within view of sitting-room windows. We have not found them prosper and produce abundantly under the disadvantages of close confinement so well as coloured Cochins or Brahmas; they want a country run and clear country air to keep them handsome in their pure white dresses. We could name a lady whose efforts to retain them under disadvantages speaks in their favour. After keeping them for some time she had to scatter a stock, culled from among all the best White Cochin breeders in the country, on account of much diminished space for her fowls; but she could not bear to part with "all her pretty ones," so she kept a splendid old hen "Blanche" and two chicks. As the chicks grew up they could not be kept, because the hen-run offered accommodation for one kind only, and for that one kind, Brahma Pootras had been fixed on as the most useful to keep for a continuance. In hopes of better times, however, a sitting of eggs, a present from a friend, was given to Blanche the next spring; accidents happened to some of the chickens, and, finally, the mother and one chick, a young cockerel, were put out at walk, where they seemed to be well done by, but poor Blanche died. The owner happened to call on the man who had charge of them the very day she died, when she heard of the chicken's bereavement. "Is the chick happy?" she asked. "Oh! no," was the answer; "he hollas incessent." So he was put into a little bag of whitey-brown paper, carried home, brought up by hand, and the White Cochin stock was again represented by a single fowl. One more brood from bought eggs was hatched, but the space the White Cochins could have was really insufficient, and, with regret, they were given up.

Black Cochins again seem to have been a sport from the white, or the fruit of a cross, and their admirers did their utmost to bring them into favour. Distinct classes were made for them at the exhibitions for a long time, and after the entries in them became insufficient for their support, they were entered in the various class under a distinct heading. But every fresh generation of them proved only more and more that they were not quite black fowls, and never would become so, however carefully they might be bred. The hens would be beautifully black, but the cocks showed obstinate determination to display red or yellow somewhere. Sometimes an otherwise beautifully black bird would have a sharply marked out coloured saddle, sometimes, black everywhere else, he would have streaks of red or yellow in the hackle, and sometimes the obnoxious colour would crop out in a single feather, here and there upon the wing. Broods might sometimes be brought up black even to the adult moult, when lo! the red or yellow feathers were sure to betray their unwelcome presence. The judges found it difficult to judge fowls where their task was only to pick out the least faulty, committees got tired of giving them prizes under the circumstances, and breeders got tired of trying to make them come true, so they have now almost disappeared from exhibitions, and from amateurs' favour also. Before retiring from public life, however, they are said to have served a turn in crossing like the whites, for many have attributed the black breast of the partridge Cochins to a cross with their black brethren.

NOTES ON THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

WE GET USED TO MOST THINGS; to being snubbed for our aggressive follies, for instance; to our bosom friend being preferred before us; to the horse who was nowhere in the betting leaving us nowhere in the race; to our prized production in three volumes halting painfully in its first edition, while the sensation flight of "another" succeeds. To all these things we get *used* after many and repeated trials; we like them not, but they *must* be, therefore we grin and bear it, or, as Longfellow more poetically phrases it, "We suffer and are strong."

But there are two things, and the most circumspect cannot avoid them, to which the most ductile never get accustomed, and which the most amiable *never like*; the one is going somewhere, and finding when you get there that you are not wanted, and the other is being disillusioned about something of which you have heard since the days when your age was not worth mentioning, and your size microscopic.

The first-named evil has its remedy. You need never go there again. The second has not, for while "place" is high in the world's estimation, and pageants are prepared "towards them," so to say, fools will strive to fill the former, and their fellows flock in abundance to gaze on the latter, and what are we that we should sit in the seat of the scornful above our kind? Therefore, we repeat, that while the existing order of things lasts, we are liable to being disillusioned, liable to be made to sit and wail over the grave of a buried belief.

We can submit with *suave* readiness and willingness to "facts" failing us, we long ago dropped that article in our creed of faith which required us to believe that there was aught of the *imposing* about a "Lord Mayor's Show;" but we did cling fondly to the hope that there might be some "fun" in it. It seemed impossible to us that a respectable man in the prime of life would undergo so grotesque an ordeal as the programme unfolded, without the comic element prevailing decidedly in the affair. We anticipated that it would afford us a good opportunity of airing our nineteenth centuryish sentiments of superiority to any such old civic trash; but we found ourselves mistaken. It is too respectably dull to raise aught but a hollow laugh.

Fleet-street looked like an "old London" picture when we entered it on Monday morning; a seething mass of humanity sloped down from the walls on either side to the edge of the pavement, but the street itself looked double its usual width from the absence of all kinds of traffic. It must have looked very much like it (minus the seething mass of humanity) when Doctor Johnson made that one of his many prosy speeches now popularised on the title-page of a clever magazine.

The crowd was too well "policed" to be an entertaining one; little boys dashed across at intervals, avoiding molestation, with the diabolical ingenuity of which little boys in the lower—not to say lowest—walks of life are such profound masters. And a thief stole something and ran away with it, with a degree of awkwardness that threw an additional shade of discredit over the crime. But, on the whole, waiting for the Lord Mayor's Show was a thing that, by reason of its utter paucity of incident, was found to pall upon one after a time.

By-and-by that creaking groan ran through the crowd, which marks the coming of an event about which enthusiasm ought to be felt, and isn't. And then, with an air about them of being dimly conscious of some capital joke being in their vicinity, if discipline would only suffer them to find it out, the band of the Royal Artillery marched by.

Then for a space beadledom was rampant; there were beadles in red, beadles in parti-coloured, and beadles in Witney blankets, or what looked liked them. Then the watermen, presenting an appearance rather the reverse of that assigned to the member of their profession immortalised in song. Then some green and gold hussars on heavy handsome cavalry chargers, who surveyed the populace with that air of "general despise," in which cavalry chargers are such proficients. Then the "Naval Reserve," looking all that could be expected or desired of young merchant sailors; but as unlike the genuine members of the service, to which they are to be appended, should a time of need come on, as it is possible to conceive. Then the gallant corps of firemen, the best and bravest civic heroes we have. Then a lot of hammercloths designed with such splendour, that they took all attention off both the occupants of the carriages and the lumbering horses that drew them. And finally the masterpiece of commingled confectionary and coach-building, in which was the aldermanic flower elected by general consent to bloom for a year, the first, if not the fairest rose in England.

We have it on the authority of the most entertaining of imbecile swells, that "*any* fellow feelth nervous when he *knows* he's going to make an ass of himself." Now we are not given to bestowing much pity upon men who make asses of themselves in general, but if there is truth in the sentence we have quoted, then those "men in armour" deserved no small meed of it, for the state of their nerves must have been terrible when passing through the streets in which they are wont to walk as human beings. One gallant fellow couldn't keep his visor up or down; it persisted in poising itself between his eyes, and the light of the murky November sky, and the state of that man from this cause, and the clephantine playfulness of his steed, was anguish and despair. Wild wails (*not* by George Borrow) of derision were directed at him by the unsympathetic street boys, but probably his bane carried a compensating blessing with it. His helmet must have been so heavy on his unaccustomed ears that the wildest wails would fail to reach them.

Did the Barons of old look like this?—a combination of pillow and cannon-ball; or did blood tell in their case, and enable them to bear themselves more gallantly than these unfortunates, who look like misrepresentations of some of Astley's men very much out of work?

Wild confusion and uproar marked the rear of the procession. There was the inevitable old lady whose shawl always will flutter over too large a portion of the world to be becoming, or even comfortable, whose goloshes are given to slipping off in precarious places, and whose wits have utterly deserted her under her dreadful difficulties, leaving her a passive prey to sharp legal rebukes, and sharper illegal elbowings. There was the old gentleman, last remnant (thank goodness) of the bygone reign of beaudom—a sort of "powdered and perruked old he-dowager," in tight boots, who, when he does, after much finical consideration, step off the pavement, invariably does it into the gutter, and under a ponderous horse's nose. There was the child of tender years taking care of, and bear-leading, with a prosy propriety worthy of maturity, a still more infantile sister. And there were types in profusion of every kind and description of vagabond, thief, and human bird-of-prey in London.

Some new features of interest were introduced into the show on its return from going through the religious (!) part of the ceremony. The one was the Lady Mayoress in her new, atrociously vulgar carriage. The view we had of this lady was pleasing and gratifying to the last degree; it consisted of the voluminous folds of her dress, which, from not having room enough, asserted themselves by protruding out of the window, and a blue bow. The other was the emotion which characterised the deportment, and the insecurity which pervaded the seat of the Lord Mayor's postition. Something had got into the unfortunate man's head which deteriorated from the microscopic dignity the thing possessed when bound Westward Ho; but whether it was an exaggerated idea of his own importance or something even less æsthetic, we cannot undertake to determine. Suffice it to say, that he several times appeared to be on the point of prostrating himself backwards over the horse's tail. That he didn't do so was, we confess, a disappointment to us, as we might then have added the sensation incident, as a brilliant wind-up to our notes, of the Lord Mayor having been run away with on his own day and spilt, and a description of the final break-up and destruction of the time-honoured triumph of ugliness which yearly tests our nationality so strongly, by asking for a cheer when, in the order of things, a groan should be given, for that aught so hideous should ever have emanated from the brain and hands of an Englishman.

ANSON HARTLEY TURNOUR.

WELL-TRODDEN PATHS.

THROUGH alleys that are long, without being grand—over swampy ground that is unpleasant, without having a savour of the redeeming spice of danger—past numerous defenders of our country with their caricatures of caps ludicrously off their heads considering the chilliness of the October winds—past equally numerous nursemaids, imperiling their own hearts, the lives of the children in the perambulators, and the legs of unwary passers-by—past all these things with a sort of dreamy distaste for, a disregard of them, in that they are modern and consequently out of the pale of my present interest—to a site which commands a view, full and uninterrupted, of Kensington Palace; the ugly old red brick royal residence of a far inferior style of architecture to the workhouse of the same town.

There are withering leaves around outside those invisible railings, but within them there is not even so much as a decaying tendril loose on the ground; the old trim neatness that William and Mary stamped upon the place pervades it still. Heliotrope arranged in squares and oblongs, and marked out stiffly by some severely prim foliage of faded green and dusky white; well regulated geraniums, deeply, richly crimson, with their leaves in the best of order; grass that is green and smooth, but not luxuriant in its emerald growth; gravel paths straight and correct, according to the end for which they are designed which appears to me to be to lead, without the shadow of turnings, from nothing to nowhere; a rigid vegetation—an ungenial aspect—a plain palace—a respectable royalty—orderly, uninteresting, dull; this is what Kensington Palace appears to me as I stand and look at it under the clear cold sky of an October day in 1862.

But it has a glorious past for those who like to conjure up old scenes and people them with well-known names—with forms and faces that are almost as familiar to us as our own. Plenty of love and hate, and flirtation and fury—of plottings and strivings for advancement—of courtly cruelties and courtiers' schemes—of politics and passions—plenty of all these have been born, and lived, and died, and *been buried*, in Old Kensington Palace.

I can fancy that it was a very good, but far from a very graceful, Court, the one that was held by William and Mary. He was a great hero, and she a good woman; but as far as mere *courtly* memories are concerned, they are thrown into the shade by the worse men and women who came after them.

One can fancy the life they led—the quiet life, as far as it could be seen from the outside; the busy life, in reality, in which so many noble deeds were planned and matured.

I see him, the great captain, the soldier-king, the admirable politician, who sent the Stuarts to the right-about, and their "cause" to destruction, who took and held with the strong hand, and steady head, and practical sound sense, the crown, sceptre, and country which the other lost, through the folly that has yet a seductive chivalry about it. I see him with the wife he loved so dearly in his sombre fashion directing the malformation of a luxuriant evergreen into a duck, and bringing his great mind to bear upon the gravel path that is to lead in an unwavering line straight down the middle of the garden that he is having tortured into a faint resemblance of the Holland he loved so well, but was yet willing enough to leave.

Now I see the clouds lower gloomily over the stiff but quiet place. The little gentleman in black (never a molehill so mountainous in evil) has served the cause, as not a gentleman in England would have wished to have seen it served, let him have been the staunchest royalist that ever drew breath; and Queen Anne comes to Kensington to hold royal state and unroyal rows with the Duchess of Marlborough.

The beautiful virago must have made life pleasant at Kensington with her stormy temper and her stormy tongue. Quiet fled when she brought her beauty and her friendship, and aired them noisily before Queen and courtiers. What a graceful, dignified compact it was, that one between Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley! what a sweet thing woman's friendship appears seen by the light of that final flare-up when the Queen proved herself as great in reiteration as her great-grandsire. And still with the facts of this story before them people can call Queen Anne's days—"golden."

Now the sunbeams gather over the place again. George the First has been, and now is gathered to his fathers; and George the Second has received the most joyful message of his father's death with the irreverence of a not too credulous sinner. Queen Caroline comes down to the light open space, from the shade of those trees in the background; and with her bonny fair Majesty are many whom we all know well.

The short man, with the violet cloak disposed in more graceful folds than any other present can achieve, who can he be? A little man on whom the fairest smile, *temp* George the Second, can be none other than Mr. Pope.

Little it matters that his figure is short and bad, that his gait has not the grace, his gestures the freedom, his face the manly beauty that women love. He has what can still more—an intellect polished to the brilliancy of Hervey's rapier, a wit keener than Swift's, who walks beside him—a winning, nameless, indefinable charm that marches first *with*, and then *against*, Lady Mary Wortley Montague's.

How sweet are the words he is saying to the last-named lady now; as sweet as those were bitter that he afterwards penned about her. How thrilling are the ones Swift is murmuring at large to whoever will listen to him, regardless alike for the time apparently of both Stella and Vanessa. How bright are the smiles won by the silken nobleman, the dainty delicate Lord Hervey, from the fair Mary Lepel—one of that band of Marys who rival in romantic history that even fairer band who shared the roses of France and thistles of Scotland with the luckless Stuart Queen.

In farthingale and hoop, in flowered train and silken petticoat, in high-heeled shoes, be-ribboned and rosetted, with hair powdered and cheek patched, Mary Bellenden and Mary Howard come along with Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, discussing the King's short-comings and the Prince of Wales's, and the Queen's toleration of the one and impatience of the other.

Who can fathom, now that the actors of that melodrama are dead, buried, and less clearly understood than they were by their contemporaries, the mystery of hatred that hung between that wretched Prince and his parents. Caroline, the "fair, comely lady," on whose charms Hervey dwells occasionally with rapture, had a great, warm, loving heart, and yet never a warm ray from it went out to her eldest son. Some women cease to be anything but mothers when they have children, and others cease to be anything but wives as soon as they are married. She must have belonged to the latter genus; all her sympathies, all her heart, all her grace of bearing, and charm of intellect was given up solely and wholly to the service and honour of the man who loved her and her society so well that he permitted her to aggravate her gout for the purpose of *enabling* her to walk about with him. Her love would have thrown a halo of romantic heroism over our second Hanoverian King if anything could; but an even the love of a beautiful, talented Princess, who proved only too well her readiness to live or die for him, could throw an exalted tone of colouring over the picture we have all had painted to us of his maudlin misery and scandalous promises of consolation to himself, over his sorrow for his lost wife, and dread of her ghost appearing to him.

But there is another old red brick house in Kensington over which a deeper interest is thrown, which has a nobler aspect than the Palace, and a more than royal fame. Holland House shall be only cursorily glanced at this week by me. I will not raise the spirits which are about and around it in profusion this day. I will only mention and invoke the shade of *one*, and that one the greatest of them all, Joseph Addison.

A real old baronial hall this is on which I am now looking, of a deep time-honoured red hue that no modern structure, however so carefully "prepared" the bricks, can attain. It has size, aye beauty, everything that makes a house delightful. I stand at those handsome gates—I should like to go through them, but Lady Holland very wisely has not turned her little park into a bear-garden by allowing the people free access; therefore I only stand with my face pressed ignominiously against the bars, and look up the avenue that is in reality insignificant as to size, but so cleverly planted, that it deludes one into believing it vast; and then I wander up that open avenue that leads to Bayswater from Kensington, and get maddening glimpses of a red-bricked white-stoned coped front, and of a terraced lawn, and of a low wall bounding this terrace, and of large stone vases filled with marvellous flowering scarlet geraniums, and of a *long straight walk* ending on the opposite side to which I stand under a Gothic archway that probably leads to nowhere; and this walk I recognise at a glance to be the one in which Addison walked and talked *Spectator* to Secretary Harley.

We all know the story of his long walk in the library of the great house where *he*, the mighty genius, who had condescended to marry a cross countess was scarcely master; we have heard of the draughts that gossip said he used to take to brighten thought at either end of that room; and we have all read that speech that somebody made and imputed to him on his death bed.

And these two last things I do not believe; his was a "pure well of English, undefiled," and owed its source neither to the nectar cup or the brandy-bottle; and he was a thorough gentleman, and therefore incapable of making a canting, egotistical, methodistical speech. I like to think of Addison as he is represented down at Bilton, the place that was his *own*, and that he owed to his own talent, and not to his wife's generosity. There, in one portrait especially, he looks the noble cavalier, the intellectual gentleman he was; with large, proud, thoughtful blue eyes—with a broad massive brow—with the quick sensitive lip of an observant half-satirist—and with rolling locks falling over his velvet coat and laced collar.

He had his long walk—a long, straight, laurel-hedged path—down at Bilton too; a walk that, if he frequented it in any but the driest weather, must have repaid his attention by an awful rheumatism. It skirts the border of the most vivid kaleidoscope garden that I have ever seen—a garden that was laid out in Queen Anne's time, and has remained, as far as the shape of the beds go, unaltered ever since.

And on the wall of the old oak staircase hangs the portrait of one who, see him when we will, always appears to be protesting royally to posterity against the fate his most unkingly conduct brought upon him. It is Charles the First, of course, to whom I allude; he is coming out of the wood on the grey charger in this picture, which is a duplicate of the one at Windsor. What a thorough gentleman he looks with those half-proud, half-pleading eyes; what hand could hold a sceptre or a sword better than that finely-formed, slender, flexible, delicate-textured one that holds the reins of the glorious grey steed Vandyke has immortalised with the king. And yet, for all this perfect appearance, he was capable of going where he was not wanted, and making other awkward mistakes.

But my little dog begins to howl aloud at my prolonged halt amongst the falling rustling leaves; so I will leave Holland House for a fuller notice next week.

ANSON HARTLEY TURNOUR.

(To be continued.)

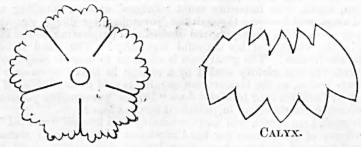
THE PAPER FLOWER IN SEASON.

BY R. HELBRONNER, 265, REGENT-STREET.

CHINESE PRIMROSE.

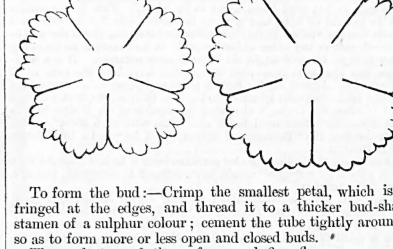
THE PETALS are of various shades of red and rosy lilac, as well as white, and may be procured ready stamped and tinted in boxes. Goffer the edges of the petals half way down towards the centre, from whence vein them to the base by three and four plaits.

To form the heart:—Tie three, five, and seven of the smallest stamens of a light yellow colour to fine wires, four inches long,



CALYX.

and thread them through the flowers, quite level with the petals; afterwards, passing the tube over them (which tube is to be previously jointed) and the edges bent outwards, cement being lightly laid upon them to attach the tube neatly to the base of each flower. Proceed to thread and cement carefully the green transparent calyx, regulating its size to the fulness of the flower, but keeping it half an inch below the flower, to exhibit the whole length of the tube.



To form the bud:—Crimp the smallest petal, which is not fringed at the edges, and thread it to a thicker bud-shaped stamen of a sulphur colour; cement the tube tightly around it, so as to form more or less open and closed buds.

Three clusters of three, four, and five flowers are spread around the top of a flexible main stem of eight inches long, upon which fix three small leaves, two inches below the buds. Finish with four large leaves placed gradually, one by one, around the stem. Cover the stalks with fringed crape, and tint them red.

PASTIMES.

RIDING: FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

NEW SERIES.—CHAPTER I.

I MUST give another commendatory word to those riding-belts or pointed bodices which are now universally adopted by sensible women, at least by those sensible enough to prefer the sense of freedom and the greater promptitude of action they allow, to the perfect, unwrinkled fit of their habit-bodies.

For there is no doubt about it, these easy, comfortable little bodices cause rucks to appear on the surface where they end, unless the habit body is stuffed out into the semblance of a pouter pigeon, which again is hideously unbecoming.

This same absolute, unimpeded freedom of limb and action is the great point towards which the whole of the equestrian toilette should be made to tend. The habit should be what milliners call a loose fit, that is, tight enough to preserve all the lines of the figure, and loose enough to avoid marring them. If it does not succeed in attaining this happy medium, its wearer may ride, so far as keeping on the back of the horse goes, but she will not *ride* gracefully and comfortably, and unless she does these latter things, it would be more commendable on her part to adhere to that walking on the earth, for original mention of which, *vide* old Spanish proverb.

On horseback nothing should flutter—more especially not the heart of the rider. Little scarfs, with ends that blow, are objectionable, not to say offensive, so is a plume—out of a picture. The habit-body should end at the throat in a small white turn-down collar, plain, and tight, and close-fitting; and at the waist in two little basques or jockeys behind, they will shorten the figure and spoil it if they extend all the way round. The sleeves that are cut like a gentleman's coat sleeves are the best, for they fit closely round the wrist, either neatly joining the short dark gloves which look best for London, or allowing the deep white gauntlets, which look so well in the country, to go over them.

The gloves are a very important point on horseback; ill-fitting ones, a terror and dismay at any time, are doubly so when they have to do with a light-mouthed horse. I dislike the idea of ladies riding in thick gloves. I think the kid cannot be too fine and soft, for then you feel the *thrill* from his mouth through the reins in your fingers, and sympathise with his mood of the moment the better. I must acknowledge that, in carrying out my ultra-sympathetic theory, I am occasionally reduced to the ignominious necessity of performing the latter part of my ride in rags and tatters as to my hand-coverings. But that is nothing when one is used to it, and has left the pangs of cark and care as to appearances back in the regions of the long past days of youth.

The hat should be small. The only hat I like is the mixture of pork-pie, diadem, and turban, yclept a Spanish; and it *must* fit well. It is a plain, not to say ugly sight, that of a hat falling off, if the horse elects to run away; and as running away is a thing that it may occur to the best regulated horse's mind to do, it is best to have your hat securely fastened on whenever you go out to 'witch so much of the world as looks at you with noble horsemanship. Some ladies, it appears, fired by the golden glow Tom Hood has thrown over a broken leg, court the fate of the unfortunate Miss Kilmansegg by tying their habits round their ankles in order to ensure the comfort of the spur. I never ride with a spur myself, therefore I cannot give the address of the one that will hurt a horse the most; but as it is a great pity that such a'praiseworthy desire should be baulked, I recommend that an application be made to some West-end riding-master accustomed to let out horses for the afternoon ride. He could probably get the address by applying to that customer for whom his horses evince the most profound distaste; for *no* horse is weak enough to like to be spurred, particularly by a woman.

As a rule, ladies rise too much from the stirrup in trotting; or if they do not rise from the stirrup, they trust to the third pummel. It is impossible to trot *well* unless you do as every Irishwoman does, rise from the knee. You may consider that you can trot very well when you can take your foot out of the stirrup, and go along at a sharp trot without it, and without fatigue, panting, or wobbling. Of course to do this, your horse must pull hard at you, and have a good action.

I have ridden various kinds and descriptions of horses, and I have come to the conclusion that the velvet-paced, highly-educated Arab is *the* one to be avoided. I am acquainted with one, a beautiful little black mare, who came home from Alexandria, with all her hair rubbed off, and all her faculties preternaturally sharpened from the effects of the sea voyage. She was put into the hands of a trainer, who forthwith took advantage of her keen intelligence to spoil her for anything but an infant or an idiot to ride. People who perpetually sacrifice themselves to their friends on every possible and impossible occasion are banes and bores; but a *horse*, who is so willing to please that she orders her pace to the tones of your voice, who prances if you laugh, and does everything that she is *told*, is a more terrible nuisance still.

A celebrated writer has said that in England the most beautiful sight in the world is to be witnessed, viz., "a beautiful woman, on a beautiful horse, under a beautiful tree." Now I think that a finer sight is that of a lady, beautiful or otherwise (nobody will trouble him or her self about the rider, if the horse is all that it should be) who rides well, mounted on a splendid broad-shouldered, massive-legged, long, sloping flanked horse, with a handsome little head, well set on to a racing (not "rat") neck, stretched out at full gallop on a fine open heath, with his nostrils expanding to catch more of the breeze that has got up his excitement. Standing under the tree in comparison with this is a mistake.

The majority of lady riders would be carried better if their horses' mouths were taken out of their hands altogether, and the reins simply came up from a nose-band, after the manner of those "peerless female equestrians" who were wont to go round the circus at what will be the Astley's Royal Westminster Theatre, standing upon one toe on the extreme edge of the horse's back, and supported in that unpleasant position by the horse going with his wrong leg foremost. At any rate, were that the case, it would be only the rider who might suffer, not the horse's mouth, which would be a great point gained.

That matter of hands is one that people who ride are as severe upon each other about as cats are upon the dogs who drink their milk, or ladies on the subject of one another's good looks. In a hunting field if a stranger appears well mounted (I am speaking now of gentlemen), well dressed, though not in pink, and with a good deal of speed in his horse and spirit in himself, plenty of critical observations, are sure to be made at once. "He's not a bad seat," they say, "and he rides judiciously enough considering he doesn't know the country, but he's *no hands*."

An inveterate shyer is not a desirable horse for a lady; you may be prepared for the vicious buck-jump that he is sure to give when a little dog springs at his nose, or a pool of water, or a mass of shade dawns unexpectedly upon his startled vision. But you cannot always be prepared for those impulses of his which make him grow rampageous about nothing. The busy bee is in Watts's hymn a harmless, pleasing, and industrious object, well worthy of respect and imitation, but in real life it is a detestable nuisance when it comes hurrying out of the hedge of the highly rural lane through which you are going on a horse of a fractious disposition, and bangs itself against one of his sensitive ears with an insulting hum.

People who have lived all their lives—or who have spent the larger portion of their lives—in town, cannot have the same warm feelings of reliance on, and affection for, horses, which animate the hearts of those who have been brought up in the country. For though the latter is delightful in books, it is rather apt to pall upon one when taken all the year round. During the many and ever-recurring periods of stagnation, the love for the horse, who represents your one speck of brightness, deepens and expands. He is your friend, your locomotive power, your companion, the only thing that isn't bleak and dreary, and cultivated to a terrifically high pitch of brown ugliness in the landscape through which you are passing. In fact, with a horse and a nice intelligent dog, dark and drear November may be got over happily enough, if you do not catch so heavy a cold at its commencement as to lay yourself open to repeated and soul-subduing visits of condolence from the prosy rector, and of a professional character from the still more prosy country practitioner.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES ON PASTIMES.

LADIES' SPURS.

MADAM,—Allow me to inform you that I once saw and purchased a lady's spur, quite different in shape to the common one-point spring spur, as a "common lady's spur." I bought it, at Maxwell's, 131, Piccadilly. It was almost exactly like the heel-spur used by gentlemen in the park and on the road, only not quite so curved; it fitted into a box in the heel of the riding-boot, which requires to be made very high to receive it. The rowel was not long or sharp, not enough so, certainly, to penetrate a habit-skirt and "the very thick coat of a sluggish horse." If, however, you were to test such a spur, you could easily have another rowel put in, as severe as you please; the fewer the points, combined with *length* and *sharpness*, the severer the spur will be. A rowel of five long and sharp points, fixed in a little silver heel-spur, would make for any rider a pretty and effective weapon.—I am, Madam, your obedient servant, CULEX.

LYRA DOMESTICA.

LA MARTYRE CHRÉTIENNE.

PAUL DELAROCHE.

[At Rome the martyrs were often placed on the parapets of the bridges over the Tiber. If they refused to renounce Christianity, their hands were bound together, and then they were forced, at the point of the sword, to jump into the water and perish. A soldier betrothed to a maiden about to be martyred, becomes one of her guard to lead her to execution, and being unable to save her, he tries to spare her as much indignity as possible, by binding her hands himself. He then gallops down the river, and, accompanied by the mother of the girl he loved so well he watches for the body floating down and buries it.]

THE GOLDEN SUN was sinking down,
Its lurid splendour filled the sky,
As crowds came pouring from the town
To see that maiden die.
Stern men came flocking to the sight—
Women, too, on every side;
Clad in a robe of spotless white
To die, a martyr bride.
It should have been her wedding-day,
On which to breathe her vows of love;
She little thought to speed away
And sing, with angels up above.

Human forms crown every ridge,
All hearts like flint to mercy dumb;
All eyes are fixed upon that bridge—
The trumpets sound, the soldiers come!
That measured tramp, the clanging steel,
That touching sight—a maiden's woe,
Betoken hearts that cannot feel,
Nor attributes of mercy know.
Like the sparkle of gold on a fairy's throne,
The sun shines down on her golden hair;
A seraph in tears she moves alone,
Body and soul enwrapt in prayer.

At length they reach the fatal spot,
The bridge 'neath which the Tiber rolls,
Where human pangs were soon forgot,
And bliss was found by martyred souls.
Yes! words kill women more than blows,
For curses sound on every side;
But where to look for strength she knows;
Despised by all, her Saviour died.
No hand supports that girlish form—
'Tis well for her on *faith* to rest;
No lover's arm could turn the storm,
When insults echo every jest.

They lead her to the parapet,
To pray. The maiden tries to kneel.
Some minds perhaps may soften yet,
And Roman hearts compassion feel.
Though countless eyes are fixed upon her,
Pure, innocent, she stands alone,
With nought between her death, dishonour,
A parapet, like hearts, of stone.
One timid, soft, imploring glance,
Bespeaking all her hopes and fears,
Then still, like an angel in a trance—
A statue, but for tears!

How soft and smooth, on the maiden's head
Lies her rich, luxuriant hair,
As though the voice of Nature said,
"Let Nature's love rest there!"
Like the dew on the wild red rose—
The embrace of her fond caress—
Each ray of the setting sun bestows
A kiss on each golden tress.

By the martyr's side a soldier stands
Holding a line of silken cord,
Wherewith to bind those little hands
That served the God her soul adored,
Her hands are pressed—he turns to leave—
Bound close and firm as a lover's grasp!
Their eyes meet once; their bosoms heave
Undying love in every gasp!

Why should she die? One chance remains.
Why should the Tiber o'er the maiden roll?
Choose life eternal, present gains!
For peace the body, or in bliss the soul!
"Return to your country's faith;
Think of your friends and home;
Speak girl, or sink for ever
In yon dark and surging foam."

For a time—one short unearthly pause—
All sound is hushed for a while,
Will a maiden die for the one good cause?
She answers with a smile:
"As a woman I pray, put up your swords,
But as to renounce my faith and live;
My soul, it is my own dear Lord's—
My life, not yours to take or give."

As the tiger's spring in his horrid wrath,
Their swords were drawn with a fiendish yell.
One wild, sad shriek—the maid sprang forth!
Her soul found Heaven, as her body fell,
One wailing cry rang through the crowd
For miles along the river's bank,
As a meteor through a thunder cloud,
Down, down, the maiden sank.
* * * * *
In dead of night beside the water,
In tears along the river side,
An aged mother seeks a daughter,
A gallant soldier mourns a bride.

On the bosom of the waters,
Past the bank where stood her home,
Floats the fairest of the daughters,
Of that mighty city—Rome.
She died a Christian martyr,
Her salvation not to barter,
Nor her soul for empty joy,
In these pleasant realms of woe,
Angelic in her grace,
Heaven smiling on her face,
She floated down the Tiber,
Some thousand years ago.

The golden stars are shining bright,
A spirit halo round her head;
Her beauty lit by Heaven's light
Is lovely still—though dead.
That light shall keep her free from harm,
Her form from all pollution save,
Till when her lover's gentle arm
Shall place her in the grave.

A mother's tender care assists
To raise her from the ground;
He severs the cords from those tender wrists,
Which his own brave hands had bound.
One long, fond kiss to those lips he presses,
Then lays her hands across her breast,
He covered her wrists with those golden tresses,
Then leaves the virgin alone to rest.
He filled the grave with hands of love,
Dropped a tear on every sod;
He raised a wooden cross above,
Then left her alone with God!

RUHTRA.

NATURAL HISTORY.

DOMESTIC PETS.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

NOVEMBER 9th.—The Nightingale is now coming stout in song. This may sound strange on Lord Mayor's Day, but so it is. Captivity changes the habits of this bird. In a wild state, he visits us about the latter end of April, and at once commences his song, which he continues until the cares of a small family, about the middle of June, employ his mandibles in collecting grubs and caterpillars, to the great benefit of farmer and gardener. In August he moults, and when he has donned his new suit, bids us good bye, about the latter end of September, to welcome another spring and summer in a more southern climate. But does he again commence a new song in his new abode? This we do not know; but we do know that a "brancher"—that is, a young bird of this season—if caught in the beginning of September and caged, although he will sing, and sing freely and stoutly, never has the pure note of the old bird; neither has the nestling, or one raised by hand from the nest. The bird dealers are well aware of this, and accordingly consider what they call "April birds"—that is, birds caught when they first come over in April—to be worth double the value of either "brancher" or "nestling." Now, if they do not sing in the country to which they migrate, how does the young bird of this season perfect himself in his song during his absence? for there is no doubt that the bird which we may now have had for years, in a cage, having been caught as a "brancher," only jabbers in such a manner that any one can tell the difference between his song and that of the April-caught bird, would, if he had been allowed to migrate, have returned here the following April with the true song. Now, about captivity changing their habits. The wild bird, when he has reared his family in a respectable manner, and taught them how to hunt grub and larvæ, and also to "wheet" and "cur-r-r" (the call-notes peculiar to the nightingale), although he has not yet attended to the higher branches of their education, puts on a new suit about the middle of August, and leaves in the latter end of September, as already observed. But the caged bird instead of moulting in August, moults in May, and commences his song the following November, which he continues until the following April, this we well know, as we have not sat down to a Christmas dinner for the last twenty years without being cheered by the song of the Nightingale, so that by purchasing a newly-caught bird in April or the first week in May, which will sing until the beginning of July (not having a family to attend to), we may have the song from November until July. Should any of our readers wish to have a pet nightingale we will inform them how to procure a good one and also how to manage it. As we now write on this Lord Mayor's Day, we have in the room with us, and all in good health, the cuckoo, nightingale, house martin, wood wren, garden warbler, blackcap, whitethroat and several more of our summer visitants.

A PLEA FOR THE CATS.

DEAR MADAM,—Before saying a word in favour of the maligned cats, those victims of vulgar prejudice and superstition, you must allow me a few words with "Briggs," whose communication appeared in the last No. of THE QUEEN. There is a boldness and originality about "Briggs" and his plan, accompanied as it is by an engraving of the terrible machine of his invention, that must at once strike the minds of your readers and inspire them with awe. I am sorry, though, to perceive that the cats do not seem to betray any symptoms of a sense of their awful position; on the contrary, an air of cheerfulness, indeed, I may say, levity, pervades them all.

Really, the idea of "Briggs," with the string in his hand, waiting to crush his prey, would afford a capital subject for John Leech, who amused us so long in the pages of *Punch*, with his namesake.

Then, again, how imposing must "Briggs" appear, standing with folded arms, and looming through the November fog like a victorious Jove, or a—— Guy, surveying the bruised and palpitating bodies of 40 cats!!! the victims of his dreadful ingenuity! The mind becomes lost in admiration! The great man is silent as to how he *completes* his conquest. Is the victory sealed by a charge in heavy boots over the prostrate bodies, as the Hanoverian cavalry is said to have finished the victory at Culloden? or how else does "Briggs" prevent the possibility of a mangled cat rising up in judgment against him?

"Briggs", I am afraid, will unquestionably find himself "wanted" by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, before long, and he must have very lenient neighbours about him, inasmuch as he has not yet been laid hold of, for his case comes exactly within the meaning of the Act. Think what a terrible thing it would be for that great engineer, some night after a decisive victory, when returning covered with blood and fur, to the wife of his bosom, to find that he will have to pay from 10*s.* to 40*s.* per cat! or if the magistrate is obdurate, a still worse fate may be behind; but the alternative is too humiliating to contemplate, and yet many a man daily suffers for less than thou has done, O "Briggs!"

Ill treatment alone is the cause of the character the cat has obtained. In nine cases out of ten it is never properly fed, has to take all the blame of the servants' delinquencies, and finally is sentenced to death, as incorrigible, after a life of little else than beating and starvation. Sometimes people who will not at once kill an animal they do not want (as they ought to do), send them away to be "lost." This is a common trick to get rid of cats, and a most barbarous one, for the wretched animals become "feline Arabs," prowling and thieving about the neighbourhood, just as any other animal would; in fact there is no knowing what "Briggs" himself might do in such circumstances. It is a well-known fact that cats from time immemorial have been the pets of *all* studious men. Almost all the British poets and prose writers have kept cats, and make frequent allusions to them in their works, and who can forget Washington Irving's charming description of Sir Walter Scott's cat at Abbotsford, that used to sit and listen with such gravity to his master reading the "Romance of Arthur," as if he "had a black letter taste in literature."

What would the feelings of *that* cat have been if he had thought that such a person as "Briggs" would have refused to recognise him as a "man and a brother."

Again, cats are the companions of men whose occupations seem most uncongenial to their natures, for, during the Crimean war, many of the Zouaves kept their cats with them throughout that dreadful campaign, or until the death of one or the other, master or cat, ended the fellowship. If time permitted, countless instances might be enumerated to prove that the cat persecution originated, and is sustained, by narrow-minded prejudice, and it will not bear investigation.

Whenever I go into a house and see a terrified, skulking, hungry-looking cat, I feel certain that if it could *speak*, it could a "tale unfold" of secret ill-treatment and household discomfort.—I am, dear Madam,

ONE WHO HATES "BRIGANDAGE."

MR. KIDD'S BOAST, AND MY PETS.

MADAM,—Mr. Kidd says (boasts) that he has killed so many cats in a night, and yet I believe calls himself "The Animals' Friend." Were he so he should help to establish a home for poor cats like the one for dogs. But no, he dislikes cats, so "kill them all." Is not the cat one of the animals specially given to us for a household pet? All a cat's instincts are at home. You know the old proverb, "Women and cats are best at home." But in these days women are little at home; they wear petticoats looped nearly to the knee, and baring to view their ankles; they think hats a necessity. So perhaps poor pussy misses the snug home and kind petting little mistress of olden days. I have kept cats all my life, and have many friends who have done the same, and never yet have known one instance of pussy turning out otherwise than just according to the treatment bestowed upon her, and I have marked it as a fact that persons whom cats, dogs, and parrots avoid and dislike, are sure to possess qualities which make them hateful, undesirable acquaintances. Watch a clever parrot when a stranger enters—"Poll" will either turn her back with a sidelong glance over her shoulder, as if to say "Give me a chance to bite you," or bustle up and down the perch and cage, eyes bright, and every sign of delight in the presence of the visitor. I have a cat now (mixed breed, French and English), which as a kitten was very vicious—biting, scratching, &c.—but withal so playful and beautiful that he won the servants' hearts; and I do not think he ever felt a blow, or scarcely heard a harsh word. The result is he is now gentle, and in every way does credit to the law of kindness with which he was invariably treated. Like vicious human creatures, kindness did what cruelty never would. He never steals; nothing is ever put away from him. He will sit on the dinner table, and gaze with his magnificent eyes on a desired morsel, and he knows he will have a portion, or, at all events, he evidently believes he will, though he is sometimes deceived. He is intelligent; so education will make any animal, unless naturally idiotic. I feel certain that he might have been taught anything within a cat's capabilities. One of the servants has taught him to feign a headache. She holds her hand, and he places his head on it, closing his eyes, and looking very ill, in fact "Nap" is a living reproach to Mr. Kidd's inconsistent antipathy. I do not believe that any one can answer for killing their neighbour's cat merely for being on his premises. I have known it tried.—D. C. (Liverpool.)

THE CAT KILLERS.

THE well-aired "genialities" of Mr. Kidd in THE QUEEN have assumed a novel and most unwelcome shape in his advocacy of cat-slaughter. Who would have thought that the gentleman who styles himself (*par excellence*) "THE Animal's Friend," should turn out to be a Kidd-napper of his neighbour's cats! Both he, and your correspondent "Briggs," the inventor of "The Kid-cat Machine," (unless, indeed, "Briggs" writes ironically—which I suspect he does) might give lectures on the subject to gamekeepers, who are well-known cat-slaughterers. I know a gamekeeper who openly proclaims his cat-slaughters in a very ingenious way. In the centre of a small lawn, in front of his cottage, he has erected a pole; and on this pole he fixes the tails of all his feline victims. They stick out at right angles from the pole, and are of every hue. When any one in the neighbourhood has lost his cat, he pays a visit to the singular memorial, and inspects the latest additions and the newest tails, among which, most probably, one will possess for him a very sad interest. As this pole and its garniture of tails is the mute witness of many a catastrophe, it might appropriately be called a CAT'S TROPHY. CUTHBERT BEDE.

[Is not "Cuthbert Bede" as ironical as "Briggs," and has he really mistaken Briggs's facetiousness for real earnestness?—ED.]

NOTES & QUERIES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

MADAM,—In addition to the instances of sagacity in dogs already quoted, perhaps you will allow me to relate another. My retriever "Bell," is in the habit of occasionally following me into the drawing-room, which is against the strict orders of my sister, who, by the way, has rather an old-maidish dislike to the company of cats and dogs. She does not, however, dislike my retriever, and only objects to the *mud*, which is generally pretty plentiful on her feet, as "Bell"—unlike the dog of which Mr. Buckland writes in your journal—has not the most remote idea of the necessity of wiping her "poor feet" before walking on carpets. One evening, after a hard day's shooting, "Bell" was stretched, full length, before the drawing-room fire, and I must confess she was awfully dirty. My sister came in, and addressing me, said,—"You have brought that *filthy* dog in again." "Bell" immediately got up, sneaked away, and *hid herself under an easy chair*. This happened last winter, since then "Bell," on any one alluding to her presence, has frequently done the same thing, occasionally varying her place of concealment. DE FACTO.

NOTES & QUERIES ON RURAL ECONOMY.

A BOOK FOR A YOUNG GARDENER.

MADAM,—Can you or any of your valuable correspondents recommend a book upon gardening, and the care of a small conservatory containing ferns. I want the book for a young gardener who is only a beginner and therefore the instruction must be easy and simple. EDITHA.

SEASONABLE CONUNDRUMS.

(*From "Fun" Almanack for 1863*).

By what female name would a hen object to be called?—Addle-laid (Adelaide).

What part of India resembles another part?—The one that's Simla.

When is an artist like a cook?—When he's drawing a little duck.

What is the most striking feature of China?—A tea trait.

Why does a fairy dance well?—Because she's a fay at it.

On what food should a prizefighter train?—Mussels.

Why are the wearers of moustaches and beards the most modest men in society?—Because they are the least bare-faced.

A Question for Coroners.—Must a man have "wound himself up to a pitch," before jumping off Waterloo Bridge?

A conundrum by "Crinolina."—Why are corsets like opposition omnibusses?—Because they reduce the fare.

An easy way to pass base coin.—If you see any lying on the pavement don't stop to pick it up.

If a boy makes a long speech, why is it like a genuine article?—Because it is not an adult-oration!

Magna est veritas, &c.—Jones, before marriage, told Angelina she was very dear to him. After marriage, Jones confirmed that statement, when he came to pay her millinery bill.

CHURCH NEWS.

VACANCIES.

(*From the Clerical Journal, Nov.* 16.)

RECTORIES.

Ewhurst, Sussex, dio. Chichester: value, 1000*l.* with residence; patrons, King's College, Cambridge; Rev. R. W. Bacon, deceased, Nov. 2.

Lindfield, Sussex, dio. Chichester: value, 1504.; patron, Archbishop of Canterbury; Rev. F. H. Sewell, deceased, Oct. 9.

Milston, with Brigmerston, Wilts, dio. Salisbury: value 331*l.* with residence; patron, C. E. Rendell, Esq.; Rev. R. Webb, M.A. deceased, Oct. 24.

Poorton, North, Dorset, dio. Salisbury: value 83*l.*; patron, Mrs. Jenkyns; Rev. T. Sanctuary, promoted.

Ryton, co. and dio. Durham: value 1030*l.* with residence; patron, Bishop of Durham; the Ven. Charles Thorp, deceased, Oct. 10.

VICARAGES.

Dovercourt, with Harwich P.C., Essex, dio. Rochester: value 290*l.*; patron, Lord Chancellor; Rev. R. Bull, promoted.

Exminster, Devon, dio. Exeter: value 290*l.* with residence; patrons, Governors of Crediton Church Corporation; Rev. J. P. Hugo, deceased, Oct. 29.

Hatherleigh, Devon, dio. Exeter: value, 310*l.* with residence; patrons, Trustees of the late J. Ireland, Esq.; Rev. W. H. Veale, deceased, Oct. 29.

PERPETUAL CURACIES.

Darton-upon-Irwell, Lancashire, dio. Manchester: value, 150*l.* with residence; patrons, the Bishop of Manchester, the Vicar of Eccles, and Trustees; Rev. Richard Hill, deceased, Nov. 4.

Belper, Christ Church, Derbyshire, dio. Lichfield: value, 150*l.*; patrons, the Crown and Bishop, alternately; Rev. S. Danby, promoted.

Coseley, Staffordshire, dio. Lichfield: value, 275*l.*; patron, Lord Ward; Rev. W. F. Vance, deceased, Oct. 14.

Coventry, St. Peter's, Warwickshire, dio. Worcester: value, 170*l.* with residence; patron, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Coventry; Rev. Charles Thornhill, deceased, Oct. 27.

CURACIES.

Ewlme, Oxon: Rev. W. Jacobson, incumbent.

Eastnor, Ledbury: Rev. W. Pulling, incumbent.

Gainsborough, Lincolnshire: Rev. J. Clements, incumbent.

Horton, Northumberland: Rev. W. Greenwell, incumbent.

Illingworth, near Halifax: Rev. William Gilmore, incumbent.

Kentford, near Newmarket: apply to Rev. W. Cooke, Gazeley.

Nettlestead, Kent; Rev. W. F. Cobb, incumbent.

Nailsea, Somerset; Rev. F. Brown, incumbent.

Woolaston, Northants; Rev. R. Wood, incumbent.

CHAPLAINCIES.

Barbadoes, Codrington Estate: stipend, 150*l.* with residence; apply to secretary of S. P. G., 79, Pall-mall, London.

Shelapore, Bombay; Rev. Dr. Goldstein, deceased, Oct. 7.

PRINCIPALSHIP.

Oxford Diocesan Training College: salary 400*l.* with residence; apply to the Rev. J. Slatter, Hon. Sec., Streatley Vicarage, Reading.

MASTERSHIPS.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch: English; salary, 120*l.* with residence.

Bath Proprietary College: for a Junior Class; salary, 115*l.*

SMITH'S NEW PATENT ROYAL HARMOZON (Self-adjusting) CORSET.

This last and most important invention of Mrs. Smith, for which a PRIZE MEDAL has been awarded, is now perfected, and combines all the advantages of Mrs. Smith's former inventions with valuable improvements. The fact that all the Stays invented by Mrs. Smith have obtained Prize Medals is sufficient to show their immense superiority over all others, and the ROYAL HARMOZON CORSET is undoubtedly the very best stay ever introduced to the public.

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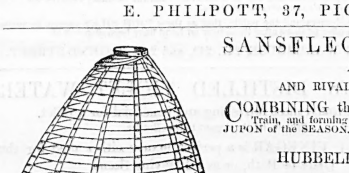
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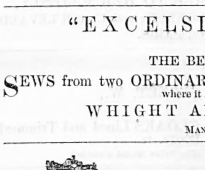


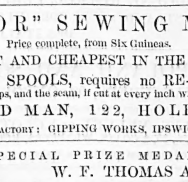
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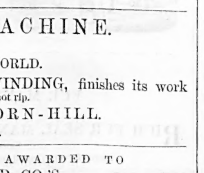
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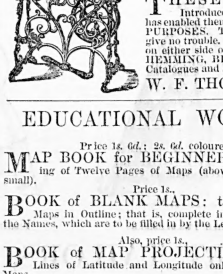

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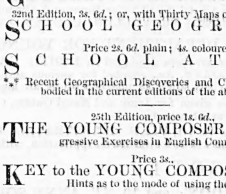
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The Fire Income was stated to be 47,420*l.* 8*s.*—an increase over the previous year of over 23 per cent. During the year the experience of the Company in this department had been unusually favourable, the losses being less than 50 per cent. of the net premiums. The Directors had given special attention to the increase of the Home business, resulting, as shown by the last Government Returns, in the fact that the increase of Duty paid by this Company exceeded that of 38 other offices, some of which had been in operation over 50 years.

The report stated that the Life Income for the year was 14,826*l.* 18*s.* 5*d.*, showing an increase during the last two years over the Income of the three previous years of over 75 per cent.; that the Mortality of the year was 28 per cent. under the calculated expectation; that over 85 per cent. of the Net Income was added to the Life Fund; that the Bonus year of the Company ends on the 31st August, and that 75 per cent. of the profits will be divided among participating Policy holders.

The Capital had been increased during the year to One Million Sterling,—giving very general satisfaction to the proprietors and policy holders.

Various new arrangements at the Branches were announced, and it was stated that an influential Local Board at Birmingham had been organised, and that the Directors contemplate opening new Branches to work large Districts more effectually than could be done by ordinary Agencies.

A Dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. free of Income Tax, was declared to the proprietors.

The report stated that the Audited Balance Sheet had been open for inspection three days before the Meeting.

The Directors congratulated the proprietors on the successful results of the year, which, considering the general depression of trade in the manufacturing districts, they regarded as a proof of the vitality of the Company, and of the favourable position it occupies in the eyes of the public.

The report was unanimously adopted, and much satisfaction was expressed by the Proprietors at the present position and future prospects of the Company.

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Horsehair Crinoline Petticoats	5s. 6d.
Ladies' Worsted Under-Petticoats, (now so fashionable) in all colours	4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Watch Spring Steel Skeletons	3s. 9d. to 12s. 6d.
New French Striped Cashmere Skirts	7s. 6d. to 21s.
Mohair and Llama Wool Petticoats, in all colours	12s. 6d. to 25s.
Taffeta and Brilliante Skirts	6s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Humboldt, Azuline, Scarlet, Magenta, and all the new colours in Winsey Petticoats, of every approved shape	8s. 6d. to 25s.
Terre Velvet Poplin Train Skirts	31s. 6d.
Quilted Silk, Alpaca and Australian Wool Petticoats	6s. 6d. to 42s.
Every New Colour in Embroidered French Merino Skirts	21s. to. 42s.
Flannel Train Petticoats, in every colour	9s. 6d. to 18s. 6d.

LADIES' SELF-ADJUSTING CORSETS AND BODICES,

Of every Description, made from the best materials and constructed on the most approved principles (the result of many years' experience and study).

German, Belgium, and Paris Wove Stays	3s. 11d. to 12s. 6d.
The New beautifully fitting Solferino Wove Corset, just received from France, in all sizes	15s. 6d.
Ladies' Elastic Front Fastening Coutil Bodices	1s. 11d. to 8s. 6d.
Rival Coutil, Satteen, and Self-Adjusting Jean Stays	3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
All the new colours in front fastening Satteen Stays	3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Ladies' family and nursing Stays, Abdominal Belts, &c.	8s. 6d. to 21s.
Children's Bands, Belts, Bodices, Stays, &c.	2s. 6d. to 15s. 6d.
Ladies' Dress Improvers in Cambric, Horsehair, Crinoline, Steel, &c.	1s. to 4s. 6d.

Every lady should wear one of Carter's Patent Safety Pockets, the price being so moderate and the impossibility of its being picked. Dress Pockets, 1s.; Coutil Side Pockets, 1s. 6d. each.

THE SYLPHIDE.

A corset so named from its perfect adaptation to the figure, is particularly recommended to public notice, it is remarkable for its extreme flexibility, it is self-adjusting, and in consequence of the absence of india rubber it is perfectly inodorous. The removal of all pressure and a perfect fit is guaranteed.

WILLIAM CARTER having just completed extensive alterations in his premises, has now secured every accommodation for the inspection of his novelties, and respectfully solicits an early visit. Ladies will find competent attendants and every facility for fitting and trying on. The present stock has been specially prepared for the opening of the NEW ROOMS, and while every care has been taken to produce the most fashionable and tasteful stock in London, due regard has been paid to moderation in price, W. Carter confidently offers the whole as the

LARGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST STOCK IN LONDON.

UNRESERVED SALE

Of all the past season's Stock is now on, and as the whole has been marked at such a reduction as will ensure an immediate clearance, it is particularly requested that an early visit should be made.

20 dozen Crinoline skirts, French, cost 10s. 6d., now selling at 5s. 11d.
500 Winsey Skirts (last year's patterns), cost 12s., now selling at 3s. 3d.
50 dozen Coloured Cambric Train and Round Skirts, now selling at 2s. 9d., 3s. 9d., and 4s. 9d.
40 dozen Black Alpaca Quilted Petticoats, cost 14s., now selling at 5s. 6d.
500 French Merino Garibaldi Jackets, at 5s. 9d.

W. CARTER, 22, LUDGATE STREET.

ORCHARD AND COMPANY,
ARGYLL HOUSE, 256 TO 262, REGENT STREET,
PUBLICLY ANNOUNCE THEIR

NEW STOCK of FRENCH and ENGLISH MANUFACTURES, in SHAWLS, SILKS, SUPERB COLOURED and BLACK MOIRÉS ANTIQUE.
The ROYAL POPLIN, Black and Coloured, Surpassing every other Dress for the Autumn, extra length, 7 Guineas the Dress.
The PARIS MANTLE, CLOAK, and SHAWL DEPARTMENTS, possess Great Attractions.
Also, their well-known FAMILY LINENS, BATH and WITNEY BLANKETS, WELCH and SAXONY FLANNELS, &c.
Every requisite for Charities, Schools, &c., as usual, at special charges.
ORCHARD AND COMPANY.

SALE OF EXHIBITION GOODS.

GRANT AND GASK
BEG to announce that the Goods of 137 Exhibitors in the International Exhibition have been removed from the Exhibition to their premises, 58 to 62, Oxford-street, comprising nearly all the SHAWLS, SILKS, GLOVES, PERFUMERY, with LACE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, DRESS FABRICS, RIBBONS, MUSLIN CURTAINS, LINENS, and various other FANCY ARTICLES, the whole of which will be sold VERY CHEAP, and ARE NOW ON SALE.
The GLOVES include Jouvin's, Roussette's, Fontaine's, and all the best makes, which will be sold from 1s. per pair.
Pirand and Meyer's, and other celebrated Perfumery, at nominal prices.
N.B.—Most of the Fancy Articles will be sold at about ONE-FOURTH of the Original Value.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, OXFORD STREET; and 3, 4, 5, WELLS STREET.

EXHIBITION SHAWLS and MANTLES, SILKS and VELVETS, &c.

GRANT AND GASK
ARE NOW SELLING the whole of the SHAWLS of Thirteen Exhibitors removed from the French Court of the International Exhibition, together with the SCOTCH and WOOL EXHIBITION SHAWLS of Messrs. J. and W. Morgan, Paisley; also the Superb PARISIAN MANTLES, which obtained Prize Medals, and all the Lyons Silks and Velvets, Moires Antiques, &c.; real Maltese and Brussels Point Lace Shawls, Flounces, &c., including the elaborate specimen of Brussels Lace forming a bridal fall or a tunic to a dress, and pronounced to be the finest production in lace in the Exhibition.
The whole of these goods having been manufactured expressly for the purpose of exhibiting, and having been awarded Prize Medals and Honourable Mentions, will be SOLD without consideration as to the original cost, in most instances at not more than HALF the USUAL PRICES.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, OXFORD-STREET; 3, 4, and 5, WELLS-STREET.

ALL THE NEWEST STYLES IN
SILKS, SHAWLS, MANTLES, DRESS MATERIALS, RIBBONS, LACE, &c.,
AT 69, 70, and 71, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.
ALLAN & CO. invite Ladies to inspect this Very Extensive and Choice Assortment of WINTER GOODS. The variety is so great that they may depend upon meeting with exactly what they require at most moderate prices.

SILKS, RICH, STRIPED, AND CHECKED GLACES,
At 1l. 7s. 6d. per DRESS of 12 yards, Wide Width.
NEW FIGURED and GLACE GROS DE SUEZ, 3s. 11d. per yard, Wide Width.
Also patterns and prices, post free, of their RICH STOCK of SILKS.
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Established upwards of Fifty Years.
CARRIAGE PAID UPON AMOUNTS ABOVE £5.

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INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. Class 20. No. 3,843.

MESSRS. JAY
HAVE THE HONOUR to announce that the whole of the BLACK SILKS manufactured by Messrs. BALLANCE and SONS for the Exhibition will be offered for SALE at the LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, on and after November 3, at the Makers' Invoiced Prices.
These RICH SILKS have been expressly manufactured with a view to show the perfection to which Black Silks may be brought. For durability in wear, brilliancy in colour, and richness of the material, they are superior to any Black Silks ever yet produced. A long time must necessarily elapse before such a rich collection of Black Silks can be seen again.
As these SILKS will be sold at the manufacturer's prices, the cost will be little more than the ordinary charges for good Black Silks, and the length of wear will more than repay the extra price of purchase.
Messrs. JAY would impress this fact upon their customers and the public, that as these RICH SILKS cannot be made for the prices at which they will be sold, the Firm can offer no more after those now on hand have been disposed of.
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 247, 249, and 251, REGENT-STREET.



RIMMEL'S DISTILLED VIOLET WATER
Will be found most refreshing and beneficial for a toilet.
Price 3s. 6d., in elegant Parian Bottles.
The TOILET VINEGAR is a perfect luxury either used for the Toilet or Bath, or as a Reviving Scent.
A Special, Uninflammable sort is prepared to be used in RIMMEL'S VAPORIZER, for Purifying the Air.
SOLD BY ALL PERFUMERS AND CHEMISTS.
EUGENE RIMMEL, PERFUMER TO HER MAJESTY,
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POLAND AND SON,
FUR MANUFACTURERS, 90, OXFORD STREET, W.,
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED IN LONDON.
RICH FUR SEAL MANTLES, VELVET and CLOTH CLOAKS Lined and Trimmed with FUR, FUR COATS, WRAPPERS, RUGS, BOOTS, &c.
Furs of every description and the finest quality at a Moderate Price. The Prize Medal awarded.

CASAQUE MILITAIRE,
and Yachting Jackets, in a variety of colours, from 1 to 3 guineas.
The Biblot and Varsovienne, two pretty indoor Jackets, 28s. 6d. to 4 guineas.
Peter Robinson's Monthly Book of New Jackets sent gratis on application.
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THE NEW MANTLES,
Tyrolienne, Monitor, Merrimac, Victoria Regina, &c.
THE NEW MATERIALS.
Frieze, Drap-de-Velours, Astracan Lamb, Mont Blanc, &c.
A choice of upwards of Five Thousand Mantles, varying from One Guinea to Twenty Guineas.
Ladies before purchasing elsewhere are politely invited to inspect the Stock in
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Showrooms, the Largest in the Kingdom.
P.R.'s Book of New Mantles published Monthly, and sent gratis on application.
Waterproof Tweed Cloaks, from One to Two Guineas, warranted.
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REAL FUR SEAL
JACKETS AND PALETOTS.
PETER ROBINSON,
having made a large purchase of real Sealskins (all of which are the best picked skins) at considerably below their value, has made them into Jackets and Paletots, and is enabled to offer them at the following low quotations:—

34 inches in depth	...	...	10gs. and 12gs.
36 "	"	...	12gs. and 14gs.
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Honeycomb Wool Shawl.
"A novelty of the season."
Handsome Fur-trimmed Shawls, from 1 to 7 guineas.
Himalaya Wrap Shawls, all wool, 12s. 9d. to 2½ guineas.
Engravings of shawls sent gratis.
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SHOW OF CHRISTMAS & TWELFTH-DAY CAKES.
Now preparing, and which this Season will be of a choice and elegant description, many New and Tasteful Decorations being selected and introduced.
CHRISTMAS CAKES, ORNAMENTED, 1s. 6d. per lb.
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First Quality, highly decorated, 2s. per lb. Second ditto, 1s. 6d per lb. Third ditto, for Juveniles, 1s. per lb.
A large assortment of SAVOY, ALMOND, and other CAKES (in Moulds), 1s. 8d. per lb.
POUND CAKES, 1s. 4d. per lb.
RATAFIAS and MACCAROONS, 1s. 8d. per lb.
SCOTCH BUNS, 1s. 3d. per lb.
SCOTCH SHORT BREAD, 6d. to 5s. per Cake.
ASSORTED CASES of BISCUITS, for Presents, 2s. 6d. and upwards.
PASTRY of every description. CREAMS, ICES, JELLIES, &c.
A large STOCK of WEDDING CAKES always on hand.
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Delivery by Cart to all parts of Town daily.

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made by machinery, expressly for exportation; also his
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so much approved of in warm climates; all in cases of 2c. and upwards.
He would also direct attention to his prepared NURSERY BISCUITS and POWDER, of which he has been the SOLE Maker for upwards of thirty years. They contain, in a concentrated form, all the elements of Nutrition in due proportion, are light, of easy digestion, and are the best and safest Food for Infants and Invalids. Only goods of the first quality made.
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DURYEA'S "MAIZENA" is the
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INVITE the Public and Visitors to London to inspect the Merchandise in their extensive warehouses in Regent-street, W., and Cornhill, E.C. The Stock submitted for inspection affords the Most Comprehensive Variety in the World of all descriptions of Dress and Clothing, and is divided into Departments as follows:—

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Where may be seen the Newest Fashions for FULL DRESS, MORNING WEAR, HUNTING, and SHOOTING SUITS, PALETOTS, and other OVERCOATS; HATS, SPORTING, MILITARY, and other CAPS, &c.

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There will be found the KNICKERBOCKER, ETON, HARROW, and RUGBY SUITS, WRAPPERS, OVERCOATS, HATS, CAPS, &c.

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The Newest Designs are submitted in RIDING HABITS, PANTALON DE CHASSE, HATS, EQUESTRIAN OUTFITS (for Home and Abroad), WOOLLEN TRAVELLING DRESSES, WATERPROOF TWEED TRAVELLING CLOAKS, JACKETS, YACHTING DRESSES, &c.

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